THE COMMONWEAL

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THE GOOD TIME COMING

HOW shall American prosperity be defined? The most ambitious attempt yet made is undoubtedly the report drawn up by Mr. Hoover's Committee on Recent Economic Changes. To this document a great many business leaders and prominent economists have contributed, so that one is sure of having here not some theoretic estimate of what social conditions might desirably be but a fairly realistic examination of actual facts. The fundamental note of the report is, of course, optimism. It is averred that during the period beginning in 1922 the ratio between wages and the cost of living turned steadily in favor of the first; that the number of families earning funds for "optional consumption"—that is, funds which could either be spent or saved, since the necessities of life had been provided for—had increased largely; and that the resultant enlargement of leisure had led to a far wider use of the arts, the schools and the recreation grounds. These observations are undoubtedly justified. A good majority of those dependent upon industrial activity in the United States are so firmly convinced of the reality of prosperity that their chief civic concern is its maintenance.

In its analysis of the economic substructure, the report lays primary stress upon three things. The first is the now famous "production-consumption cycle," according to which well-being is the result of expanding production, which in turn depends upon increasing the number of consumers. There is no limit to human wants. The barrier to sales growth is always simply the pocketbook of the person who wants. Therefore wage increases are, when made to synchronize with production, excellent aids to business. In no other way can the domestic market be extended so far, or economic coöperation so easily secured. Secondly, leadership has become increasingly important. The control of credits, markets and supplies depends upon a nice "economic balance" which can be maintained only by virtually centralizing financial control and commercial knowledge. Quite as essential is the intelligent manipulation of the new tools—chiefly power—which are adding to the efficiency of American life. Thirdly, we must reckon with the fortunate position of a country rich in natural resources, undivided by political or custom boundaries, and heavily endowed by nature with the equipment needed for production and distribution.

But while the report accepts these "principles" with-

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out hesitation, it goes on to summarize frankly the extant dangers. If credits are withdrawn from the general economic stream and diverted into channels which irrigate speculation, the normal ebb and flow of business capital will cease. Waste of natural resources, incompetent leadership, greed and dishonesty are all hostile to economic welfare. Oddly enough, the significance of foreign markets is not emphasized, nor does the published summary of the report (which will be issued, we are told, in two full volumes) make any definite pronouncement anent the tariff. Nevertheless the whole document is undoubtedly intended to form a statement and defense of the "American system," which has not been without its bitter critics both at home and abroad. We believe that on the whole its facts and inferences are, indeed, formidable challenges to dissenting opinion.

Still a number of objections are quite obvious. In the first place, it may well be that our prosperity is contingent upon "accelerated production" in a world where eventual limits cannot be transgressed. Even now the reign of speculation is probably due in a measure to inability to find a profitable outlet for surplus funds; and the plight of several industrial districts—notably textile-making New England—can safely be attributed to the difficulty involved in realigning outmoded factories. Secondly, industrial development has left agriculture pretty well in the shade. Certainly two reasons why this is so are: the farmer's inability to achieve the same control of markets as financial centralization, tariff legislation and labor turnover have attained in manufacturing; and the fact that transportation costs are determined by industry. Finally, such problems as unemployment and financial equality on a relatively more equitable basis remain to be solved. It is interesting to note that the Raskob plan discussion elsewhere in this issue is one of the first attempts at solution to come from inside the realm of private enterprise.

We do not believe that these objections constitute an indictment of the "American system." Surely much stronger arguments can be advanced against all socialistic doctrines or experiments; and we know of no economics which starts with the "personal liberty" argument that is also a workable science of distribution. On the other hand, it is futile to hurrah the status quo in a mood of bland indifference to dangers and evils. Chief among these is, we think, a willingness to reduce all human life to a series of figures—to be content with a civilization which shows a profit, regardless of the grossness of its outlook and the absence of generosity from its heart. If the poor were no longer with us, in the money sense, we should still be obliged to deal charitably with the pauperism of mind and spirit which everywhere crops out from under the veneer of comfort. But they are still here; and so the opportunity for genuine advance lies in concentrating attention upon them rather than upon the savings accounts of the successful.

WEEK BY WEEK

HAVING summoned leading congressmen and Cabinet members to a conference, the President gained approval for an offer to deduct 10 percent from the total charge against Germany for expenses incurred by the army of occupation. We consider this a most commendable and salutary action. It does not take much more than a million dollars from Reich annuities, but it may profoundly affect what are termed "international imponderables." For weeks a conference summoned to arbitrate the reparations problem, and virtually presided over by Americans, has been working hard to scale down Allied claims. Everybody realized that the United States could not sit tight for all it had coming without incurring storms of abuse and even risking the loss of its present diplomatic evidence. Yet there was no way toward progress excepting through the President. To have suggested this subtraction in Congress would have meant debate in which filibusters, committee meetings, party alignments and other things would immeasurably delay decision. One is reasonably certain that Mr. Hoover's decision will not be nullified later on under the Capitol dome. It is so modest a proposal, and it serves so well the best interests of the country, that hardly anyone is likely to view it with "grave concern." Meanwhile American representatives sitting in Paris must be drawing a deep and invigorating breath.

Mr. Hoover Is Right

ON ONE count at least, a victory for Labor in the British General Elections this week will remove some uneasiness in the United States. The repeal of the British reservations to the Kellogg pact, the conclusion of an agreement with the United States regarding the freedom of the seas, the withdrawal of all foreign troops from the Rhineland, and principally "the reduction of armaments by international agreement to the minimum required for police purposes," promise a coöperation with this country of a more whole-hearted nature than the record of the Conservatives in the past five years have led us to expect. Mr. Lloyd George's Liberals have made statements in a similar spirit, but in much less detail and with less vigor while their criticisms of the government's attitude at Geneva in 1927, and of the Anglo-French accord, have been comparatively mild. As for the Conservatives, who are standing on their record while in office, it must in fairness to them be mentioned that following Mr. Gibson's speech at Geneva Sir Austen Chamberlain hastily avowed: "We had indeed ourselves made proposals for such reduction."

Zero Hour in Britain

IN THESE last days preceding the elections, each of the leaders is claiming victory, but by victory they understand different things. Probably Mr. Lloyd George will not be too downcast if there are winning

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Liberals enough to give the party a parliamentary representation somewhat in keeping with its prestige. After all, the extinction of the old party has not been considered an impossibility since the elections of 1924 returned but forty of its candidates; therefore the huge "war chest" which he has raised, and the program of public works which (as he declares) will reduce unemployment to normal proportions without adding "one penny to national or local taxation." Certainly his promise to achieve this within a year is reminiscent of Mr. Henry Ford's "Out of the trenches by Christmas." It is unlikely, however, that he will get the chance; betting odds indicate sixty as the number of seats the Liberals are likely to win. The real struggle is between Messrs. Baldwin and MacDonald, neither of whom, however, have such prospects for a clear majority as will support their predictions. Newspaper observers have been unusually wary of forecasts, but seem inclined toward the opinion that no party will receive a majority. And that means a government formed by an alliance of two of the parties—a frail foundation likely to crumble at any time and precipitate Right Honorables into the dust.

Between Editorials

THIS year's convention of the American Catholic Press Association, which was held in Cincinnati during the three days following May 16, may be said to have demonstrated three things. The first is rather obvious—the virility of the religious press in the United States, which now dispenses a vast quantity of special news and which is consulted even by rank outsiders for its point of view. Inside the Catholic journalistic realm, there exist abundant confidence in the future and a really considerable prosperity. Next comes the demonstration of how valuable discussion of common problems may prove to be. The actual results of such round-table talk cannot easily be phrased in resolutions or codified into rules. They are visible rather in the growth of a willingness to coöperate, to tear down the fence which separates one from the neighbors, and to realize that much can be learned in the wide, wide world. This year "friendliness" was certainly the motto of the convention; and nothing could have emphasized it more strongly than the welcome which the Cincinnati press men extended to their guests. As a result the name of Dr. Thomas P. Hart, veteran editor of the Catholic Telegraph, is likely to become internationally famous; and for the inhabitants of the distant Congo, Cincinnati will doubtless be identical with paradise.

FINALLY—and this is probably most important—there was evidence that difficulties and disagreements need to be surmounted. One sometimes regrets a seeming inability to state the major problems of Catholic journalism in concrete terms. A detail irritates somebody, catches the eye of others, and suddenly finds itself in the very centre of a tense debate. When you squeeze a dozen such trifles together, the result is a great waste of time and a distortion of the actual scene. At Cincinnati it was not always clear that two major problems are foremost and universal. The first is a matter of finance. No satisfactory way has been found to capitalize the Catholic press with either investments or endowments; and the getting of circulation has, generally speaking, come near the end of the rope. But though these facts are plain, our treatment of them is quite uniformly a system of passing the buck. The second is a problem of interaction. How shall liberty and authority work together? What is the function of the Catholic paper in American life as a whole? In what manner can news and thought (or scholarship) be associated? So far these questions have not been answered satisfactorily. Some attempts to raise them were made, however, and for these the visitor to Cincinnati will remain grateful.

Mr. Pulitzer's Imprint

OUR annual supply of Pulitzer awards has now been received. There is very little of startling or even refreshing novelty in the list, which traces its originality to a change in the name of the novel selected. Mrs. Peterkin's story is of that unadulterated lineage described in the diction which now phrases the terms upon which the selection is based—"a novel which shall best present the whole atmosphere of American life." This omits, as is well known the "some" which used to be appended to "whole." The inference appears to be not that the author must get in the forty-eight states, but that he or she must leave nothing out for moral or other reasons. In journalism the prizes have gone to papers which have conducted with éclat some one of the diverse crusades upon which the "influence" of a daily seems to depend. The awards for biography and history seem to indicate primarily that the work done in these fields during recent years has been relatively meagre. Mr. Fred Albert Shannon's book on the Union army during the Civil War is an excellent special study, but one scarcely believes that its subject-matter is of any great interest to very many people. Indeed, the whole blue-ribbon list may prove to be a bore. After all, however, the fund does need to be administered and the judges have probably done their best.

Mindful of the Indian

INDIAN affairs were never in a worse condition than at the opening of this century, when the vices of administration were as numerous as horses at a Derby. Almost immediately, however, remedial work was begun; and of this the effort sponsored by the Marquette League remains an excellent instance. Founded by a devoted priest and two laymen, the League can now look back upon twenty-five years of endeavor to minister to the aborigines. Just the other day its silver jubilee was commemorated in New York City with appropriate

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ceremonies. But though the throng which gathered for the Mass and reception included many distinguished persons, all thoughts seemed to turn away from the present to the age-old record of Catholic missionary service among the Indians. The figures of early martyrs and great apostles were evoked by Monsignor Chidwick and Father Wynne in stirring addresses; and everybody was led by the memory of some name to shape the pattern of his own resolve according to some model of high heroism. But of course the job of today is largely expressed in terms of very practical gifts, of men and women, of school supplies, of homely trifles like beds and stoves. Thus far in its history the League has raised $1,000,000—an augury, no doubt, of what its future achievement will be. Meanwhile the status of the Indian has advanced generally, though indications are not wanting of much which remains to be done.

About the Saviour

WHILE Bishop Charles Gore's Jesus of Nazareth, a little book written for the Home University Library, which Henry Holt publishes, is not all that a Catholic reader would desire, we believe that it merits wide distribution among those who are troubled in heart and mind. It is an exceptionally well-written, temperate, scholarly and reverent treatise, which surveys modern criticism lucidly and makes the case for Christianity with loving emphasis. Bishop Gore's acceptance of the Gospels as historical documents, his defense of miracles and his statement of Our Lord's teaching all approximate to the Catholic view. But whereas this last often fails to interest people who retain ancestral prejudices against the Church, or who feel that it does not sufficiently respect the "rights of investigation," they may possibly be induced to weigh carefully a lucid and cogent statement by one quite like themselves in heritage and temper of mind. At all events, one may hope so, believing as one does that Christ is the only door to everlasting life. It is a distinct pleasure to see that such a book has been included in this popular library, the volumes of which sell for a nominal figure and are almost uniformly authoritative.

Catholic Research Once More

UNDER the title, Research in Catholic Schools, the Reverend Francis W. Power, S.J., appends in America an instructive note to the article on the same subject by Dr. K. F. Herzfeld, which The Commonweal published on March 20. Father Power entirely shares Dr. Herzfeld's idea of the importance of first-rate research workers, recognizing that they are "basically and fundamentally the men who, far behind the scene of action, throw the switches and press the buttons releasing and directing forces of incalculable power both in the intellectual field and (indirectly) in the field of human conduct." In the matter of present-day Catholic achievement, Father Power seems to have a slightly more optimistic outlook than Dr. Herzfeld would permit himself, and one is heartened by the very respectable array of evidence which he is able to cite. Thus he shows that reports on difficult original research in organic and inorganic chemistry have been contributed, literally in scores, by the laboratories of Fordham and Notre Dame to such authoritative organs as the Journal of Biological Chemistry and the Journal of the American Chemical Society. St. Louis University is eminent for experiments in insulin and the problems of pharmacology. The Chemo-Medical Research Institute at Georgetown, for which plans are being completed, will fulfil the ideal prescribed by the American Chemical Society committee. The work of the Jesuits in seismology is acknowledged to be unrivaled, both nationally and internationally. Altogether the reader must feel that Father Power makes out a very fair case for hope, and we are very glad to offer this brief summary of it as a supplement to Dr. Herzfeld's tonic paper.

Reduced Rail Rates

AS IT has turned out, Europeans are the chief beneficiaries of our reduced rail rates on export wheat, the new schedules meaning, for them, cheaper bread. But on our side of the water, the railroads may feel the gratification of having complied with an official request, while shippers have no great complaint, even if their advantage was lessened by falling prices shortly after the rates went into effect. With an enormous surplus on hand, and facilitated distribution, it was not to be expected that prices could be kept up. They have a right, however, to expect such further assistance as the Federal Department of Agriculture may give. Traffic experts have already indicated a modification of grain inspection rules. The Canadian grading system is much less stringent than ours, and it has been suggested that the adoption of a similar policy at our seaports would do much to help the exporter. It would place him, at least, on an equality with the Canadian shipper, with whom he must compete for the European market. Canada has large unsold surplusages of wheat also, and is following our lead in rail schedules to expedite the marketing; Australia, too, has wheat to dump. Much of the demand for this will come from England, where a long drought has made spring crops exceedingly backward, and Liverpool will become more conspicuously the world's great wheat market.

Seven Bronze Towers

THE traffic towers are gone from Fifth Avenue, and anyone who really loves the queer beauty of this city will be hard to console. The mere patriotic reflection that while they lasted, they made a splurge—that London's traffic commission once came here to study them, and that certain cities in France actually reproduced them—is likely to leave him unreconciled. The knowledge that cross-

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town traffic (which the towers, because of their wide spacing, could not control) will now receive the attention merited by its volume and vivacity, will hardly be compensation enough. Even the gratifying antithesis that these structures which Mr. Whalen has torn down as Commissioner of Police in 1929, he erected as Commissioner of Public Works in 1922, is a bit too abstract to tide the mourner over the moment of loss. Among all those effects, light, hard, delicate and strong, which have bloomed so surprisingly out of the harsh physical exigencies and mechanical inspiration of New York life, the towers' contribution was almost supreme. Those small, soaring shapes, so beautifully and featly made, so compact, simple and swift, were the embodiment of power in classic arrest; and that daily moment when tower answered tower in red or emerald lights across the first deep dusk was worth a poet's waiting for. It is said that Mr. Joseph Freedlander, who designed them, and the Fifth Avenue Association, which underwrote them, are planning a system of diagonally placed bronze poles to perform the function of traffic control perfectly, and to gladden the eye as well. We can believe that these will be the nonpareil of all poles, but we would give them up, sight unseen, if we might have our towers back again.

IN ONE of the most beautiful of all his books, François Mauriac said of his friend André Lafon that he "understood the ritual of the home." The way in which he cut bread or sliced a melon betrayed, we are told, his understanding of that mysterious nobility which attaches to a family board. All such gestures are, one may add, as revealing of loveliness as they are of meaning. Has the Anglo-Saxon failed to understand them? At any rate, Sir Esme Howard is not the first Briton to declare that the significance of the aesthetic is missing, to a large extent, in English-speaking civilization. Somehow the cult of being a "gentleman" has seemed to imply that one could only be an artist by ceasing to be a gentleman. The Beardsley period was poor at cricket, and—possibly for this reason—more than a little flabby. But in assuring his audience at Princeton University that he meant to take up bookbinding, the ambassador was far from conceding the rightness of the decadents. "Even if bookbinding is but a small matter," he said, "I must console myself by saying that most men must be content to do small things with a great heart." And there you are. To play the game of home, of school, of faith as earnestly as one plays other games, is simply to express their significance and therefore also their radiance.

Beauty upon Request

NOTHING could be more extraordinary, for instance, than the enthusiasm with which contemporary school children are going into the crafts. Years ago our young fingers learned to draw cubes and spheres with an almost automatic regularity, just as we paid strict attention, when we arose to speak, to the precise acuteness of the angle at which one foot was to be poised against the other. Now, for some curious reason, youngsters weave intricate designs out of colored paper and cloth, sketch moving figures with extraordinarily fresh perception, and talk with a rhythmic artlessness which our stiff old selves envy not a little. The explanation seems to be that all these exploits are become portions of an art rather than of a science. And one profoundly hopes that there will remain in later life something akin to what Sir Esme Howard desires—some pleasure in a handiwork which makes available a genuinely human mastery over things. Surely nothing is better adapted to conquer base self-expressionism, anarchical and destructive of the personality, than such humble spending of one's powers in the service of perfection.

DURING the coming summer, religious vacation schools will be held in more than fifty Catholic dioceses. In one of these the total number of pupils will no doubt be well in advance of last year's 5,000, distributed over the whole area involved. That is a splendid record for the movement which the Reverend Edwin V. O'Hara inaugurated in 1921, and which he has promoted so faithfully ever since. How to bring religious instruction to children scattered as a result of the isolation which attends farm living is now no longer a theoretical problem, but simply a task which demands effort and sacrifice. So far most of these last virtues have been contributed by teaching sisterhoods and auxiliary instructors recruited from the more advanced groups of seminarists. Admirable, indeed, is the willingness of sisters busy all year long with the regular class room to go out to this new and equally arduous work. On the other hand, too much credit cannot be given to the director himself. He has not merely supplied the organizing energy, but has devised a sensible and effective program that is a real contribution to religious pedagogy. When one bears in mind how much religion means to rural life (and vice versa) this whole development wins enthusiastic approval.

Religious Vacation Schools

FAREWELL, and a good riddance. Never was any month so nipped and recalcitrant, so dank and ungenial, as the one which we are speeding on its way. "Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May"—the lines come back to one with a cold shock of realization. *This* was the sort of thing Shakespeare meant: a month swathed in fogs, bathed in a perpetual drizzle, blown upon by the rawest winds in the whole comfortless storehouse of the east. The conviction strengthens as other passages present themselves. There were Titania's reproaches to Oberon—theoretically applicable to harvest time, it is true, but

Farewell to May

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surely inspired by the cold blue memory of just such a spring as this: "The winds . . . have sucked up from the sea contagious fogs"; "The nine men's morris is filled up with mud"; and more especially, "The moon . . . pale in her anger, washes all the air, that rheumatic diseases do abound." One must suffer, it is certain, not only to be beautiful but also to hold communion with the great. Perhaps, then, these thirty-one days of acute discomfort have been worth it, if they have thus brought us, a race nourished on perpetual sunlight, to even this brief understanding of what that great immortal smilingly endured. But no more such Mays! May quotha! May indeed!

THREE-CENT SUGAR

IN TWO respects the resolution introduced by Mr. Frear of Wisconsin calling for a bounty on sugar produced within the United States, is worthy of more consideration than it is likely to receive, either from Congress or from the press. First of all, it raises the question as to whether the proposed three-cent rate on sugar may properly be considered a protective tariff. It happens that 85 percent of the sugar consumed here is imported, and no matter how high the tariff might be set, we should continue to import. It is not, then, a question of preserving the market for our domestic producers. Further, approximately 33 percent of our imported sugar comes from our island possessions duty free. Higher tariff on dutiable sugar means a greater profit for the island producers, and it is not difficult to agree with Mr. Frear that this will stimulate island production, especially when we remember that under the somewhat less favorable markets of the past six years, free sugar imports from the Philippines have increased about 140 percent, and those from Hawaii and Porto Rico from 75 to 80 percent. Island competition might not hurt the big domestic producers, but it would certainly be disastrous to the smaller mills which are, after all, the ones really in need of help. So Mr. Frear proposes to keep the tariff at its present level, which will save consumers about $240,000,000, according to his estimates, and to pay the domestic mills a bounty of $.02 for each pound of sugar they produce, which would cost the treasury about $35,000,000. Thus the industry would be aided, and substantial economies effected.

The other important aspect of his resolution is sociological. There is a clause which reserves the bounty payments to companies prohibiting child labor. Just how widespread is the practice of employing children in the beet fields may be realized from a glance at the results of recent investigations, notably those reported by the Department of Labor, and at some correspondence on the subject in the Survey. To conditions in Colorado and Michigan, where children as young as six are frequently seen working in the fields, Mr. Frear has made frequent and effective reference. But it is at least strange that in all his remarks, which fill many pages of the Record, he has not seen fit to add to his case with citations from his own state. It is true, of course, that Wisconsin has already advanced one step in the proper direction. A law which has been in effect these past four years declares:

"Children under fourteen years of age must not be permitted to work in sugar-beet fields more than eight hours in any day, nor more than forty-eight hours in any week, nor before 7 a. m., nor after 7 p. m.

"Children under fourteen years of age who have not finished the eighth grade in school must not be permitted to work in sugar-beet fields during school hours when the school in the district in which they are living is in session."

It needs no commentary.

THE RASKOB PLAN

MEN of great wealth, and men whose highly developed intellects and extraordinary energies have been devoted to the service of wealth-producing organizations, have of late been turning their attention toward certain fundamental social problems connected with the present era of enormous industrial expansion. In one Sunday newspaper we have the spectacle of Mr. Paul D. Cravath, eminent corporation lawyer, intimately associated with many of the greatest exemplars of big business, presenting a strong argument to prove that big business itself is a menace; his argument being opposed by Mr. Edward A. Filene, who sees in big business the most practical and beneficial way out of our most serious social problems. In another newspaper a multimillionaire, Mr. C. Harold Smith, is offering a prize of $1,000 to the person who will tell him how he may spend $10,000,000 in a way to do the most public good. Senator James Couzens has just put aside $10,000,000 for the benefit of the children of his home state, Michigan; with the provision that both capital and income are to be spent within twenty-five years, so that the children of this generation may derive the full benefit of his gift, and also for the more important reason that he believes each generation should be left as free as possible to deal with its own problems without being handicapped by methods inherited from the past.

These and many similar events are being taken by the press as proofs that the possessors of wealth are more and more realizing the tremendous responsibility of stewardship that rests upon them. Obviously this is so. Nor is it something entirely new. It is a condition that has existed pretty generally among a perhaps larger minority of wealthy people than is generally supposed. The totally avaricious and selfish rich man—or the one who, though well aware of the truth, made vivid in the homely old saying that "shrouds have no pockets," nevertheless leaves all that he has amassed to his own family alone—is no longer the typical rich man. Generally speaking, however, even while the mod-

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ern rich man has either sincerely recognized the truth that he is the steward rather than the absolute owner of his possessions or has been led to adopt that truth by the example of others—he has but rarely shown the same forceful, creative spirit in dealing with the problem of the just distribution of a share of the great wealth which has come to him at least partly through the coöperation and the labor of others, as he manifested in building up his fortune. Generally there were easier ways out of the problem for him. If he was a churchman, he could and did contribute largely to the charitable activities of his particular form of faith, or to purely social philanthropies. There are and always will be churches and universities and schools and hospitals and scientific and artistic and musical and literary activities to be built up or assisted or endowed. The gigantic amounts of money dispensed for such purposes in the United States form one of the wonders of the age. But it has been far from common for the possessor of great wealth to apply himself to the solution of the problems underlying those that are dealt with through the usual forms of philanthropy.

Extraordinary interest is, therefore, attached to the announcement that Mr. John J. Raskob, "the financial wizard," as the newspapers have so widely proclaimed him to be, intends to launch a new sort of business enterprise which has in it more than the mere possibility of becoming another social movement for the distribution of property values among millions of workers—common laborers, and the lower-paid classes of the so-called "white collar" army of office employees. These are the millions who, no matter how general business prosperity may be at any particular time, always live at or near the line of stark poverty, and who promptly drop down into the depths of destitution, temporarily or permanently, during hard times, or perhaps when some particular form of industry, like the cotton mills, or agriculture, fails to keep step with the others.

Somewhat prematurely—as it now appears—the newspapers, learning of Mr. Raskob's conversations with other big business men, came out with the announcement of this new experiment in distributive justice. Premature as the announcements were, however, they seem to have given the essential idea of the Raskob plan correctly, and Mr. Raskob hopes that the discussion and criticism caused by the unplanned publicity will be useful in testing the popular appeal and the economic merits and demerits of the proposal.

The Raskob plan, put in its briefest terms, calls for the formation of a great securities investment trust or corporation, which will not only sell for investment purposes small lots of sound stocks to the millions of people who ordinarily cannot hope to acquire ownership of such equities—now the fundamental values of our form of society—but which will also lend them part of the money to do so. They will derive from such property a larger return than from a savings bank deposit. The plan is expected to attract and assist multitudes who rarely get so far as the savings bank on their difficult path through life. They will participate in the increase of the value of the stocks bought and administered by the securities trust. As laborers and as clerks they have contributed—and they will continue, with greater incentive, to contribute—to the creation of the wealth of the country, but now they will have a share also in the increasing fruits thereof.

A quotation from Dr. John A. Ryan's classic work on Distributive Justice will make clear the sense in which the Raskob plan seems to The Commonweal to be an experiment in the equitable distribution of property. Says Dr. Ryan:

"Distributive justice is primarily a problem of incomes rather than of possessions. It is not immediately concerned with John Brown's railway stock, John White's house, or John Smith's automobile. It deals with the morality of such possessions only indirectly and under one aspect: that is, in so far as they have been acquired through income. Moreover, it deals only with those incomes that are derived from participation in the process of production. For example, it considers the laborer's wages, but not the subsidies he may receive through charity or friendship. Its province is not the distribution of all the goods of the country among all the people of the country, but only the distribution of the products of industry among the classes that have taken part in making these products."

That the wage-earner, whether a rough laborer or a humble clerk, forms part of a great class absolutely indispensable to production, cannot be doubted. That this class is for the most part at present shut out from sharing in the distribution of the products of industry over and above its wages or salaries, also seems clear. The Raskob plan is directly intended to open for such as these a fair and adequate way to acquire personal property and to share in the progress of national prosperity.

Incidentally, it is claimed for the plan that it would protect as no other plan could the small investor against stock swindlers, who annually defraud him out of many millions of dollars. The Commonweal, however, is content to leave this and other features of the Raskob experiment to the scrutiny and judgment of economists and statesmen, which inevitably will be brought to bear upon them. It is the ethical connotation of the plan which at present demands our interest. Believing as we do in the principle of private property as being indispensable to any normal and stable society, and holding also that the preservation of private property for comparatively few members of society, and a fluctuating status of mere wage-earning or poverty for the many, is a denial of that principle, it seems to us that the Raskob plan may well turn out to be the most beneficially important social experiment so far launched by any American becoming sensible of the stewardship of great wealth.

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THE VOICELESS VOTER

By WILLIAM C. MURPHY, JR.

Does Congress as at present constituted truly represent the people? In the following paper Mr. Murphy contends that it does not and draws the conclusions which follow. Many states have representatives to which they are not legitimately entitled; others are short of their proper quotas. The matter is not so much one of immediate political importance as of underlying constitutional principle. A nation which is obliged to consider seriously the problem of law enforcement cannot afford to ignore one of the very first provisions to be found in its basic code of laws.—The Editors.

THERE are indications, as this is written, that Congress is contemplating a step in the direction of restoring constitutional government in the United States. The magnitude of this task may be appreciated when it is recalled that the House of Representatives has been organized in defiance of the constitution for eight years and the Senate for two years; that two Presidents, including President Hoover, have been chosen by Electoral Colleges not apportioned according to the constitution; and that a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States as well as innumerable circuit and district judges have been appointed by those two Presidents—and a large number of the circuit and district judges confirmed by the Senate during the two years mentioned.

All this has come about because the two Houses of Congress jointly have refused to reapportion the membership of the House of Representatives since the census of 1920, and because the Senate, acting alone, has repudiated the constitutional provision which, theoretically, guarantees each state equal representation in the Senate. The result has been, and is, an astounding though conclusive proof that the constitution of the United States takes second place in the minds of the national legislators when the unmistakable dictates of the constitution conflict with sordid, selfish political interests.

The fault is entirely with Congress. Whatever taint there may be in the constitutional status of the executive and judicial branches, it is not there as a result of their own action or inaction. The Supreme Court cannot interpret laws until they have been enacted, nor can it initiate legislation. The President cannot enact laws, nor can he enforce them until they have been enacted. President Hoover, be it said to his credit, in his first message to Congress recommended that congressional reapportionment legislation be enacted during the present special session of Congress.

It is a rare visitor to the galleries of the House or Senate nowadays whose ears are not assailed by fevered oratory on the subject of law enforcement, coupled with denunciations of those who would attempt to "nullify" or even amend the constitution. A little attention to these outbursts reveals that to most of the orators the constitution is the Eighteenth Amendment. And while Congress cheers wildly as it listens to an account of how a boy who was suspected of violating the Volstead Act was shot to death on a public street in the national capital, Article I of the constitution—the section to which Congress owes its own existence—is ignored and a population three times the population of the union at the time the constitution was adopted is denied its constitutional representation in Congress.

Those who recall that the constitution was written by a convention in 1787, and not by the Anti-saloon League in 1917, will remember that there was a famous compromise whereby the rights of the smaller states were to be safeguarded by equality of representation in the Senate, and those of the larger states by representation in the House based upon population. As to the membership of the House, the constitution states:

> Representatives . . . shall be apportioned among the several states . . . according to their respective numbers. . . . The actual enumeration shall be made within three years after the first meeting of the Congress of the United States and within every subsequent term of ten years.

From the time of the adoption of the constitution down to the census of 1920 Congress obeyed this plain mandate of the fundamental law. In all of that period of 120 years Congress never permitted more than two years to elapse between the completion of a census and a reapportionment based upon that census. The constitution was taken seriously in the early days of the republic, and it is a matter of record that on one occasion Henry Clay withdrew a tariff bill after Daniel Webster had pointed out that reapportionment should be given precedence over all other legislative considerations. How naive such a thing would seem today!

Since August 8, 1911, when the apportionment act based on the 1910 census became a law, the House of Representatives has passed two reapportionment bills, one in 1921, based on the census of 1920, and another in January, 1929, anticipating the census of 1930 and providing for a ministerial reapportionment by the executive branch of the government in the event Congress itself did not enact a new apportionment law following the next census. The bill passed by the House in 1921 was embalmed in the then existing Census Committee of the Senate, and that passed in 1929 was filibustered to death in the Senate near the close of the last Congress, and has been revived in the

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present extraordinary session with several additional amendments.

But it is only the very superficial observer who believes that the Senate was responsible for the failure of these two bills. The plain fact is that neither would have been passed by the House if it had not been understood that it was to be killed in the Senate. After the 1929 bill had been passed by the House, members of that body—many of whom had voted for the bill—cluttered up the floor of the Senate and the offices of senators from their states conducting one of the most active lobbies against the bill that has ever been observed in Washington. Needless to say, the members of the lobby came from states which would lose representation on the basis of the 1930 census if the bill had become a law. These conscientious legislators were not willing that they should lose their unconstitutional share of power to dictate to the more populous states or to drain the revenues of the latter by federal appropriations and taxation; most of all they were not willing to run the risk of losing their own precious seats in Congress. Who could expect them to consider the constitution in such circumstances?

The census of 1920 revealed a decided drift of population toward the larger cities and away from the rural sections. It is regarded as probable that this situation will be accentuated by the information to be gained by the 1930 census. The result is that a congressman from a city district may represent several times as many constituents as his colleague from a rural district. In Michigan, for example, there are three city districts with an average population of 800,000 each, while many representatives from rural districts have only about 160,000 constituents. In California there is one district with a population of 1,500,000; while there are states in the union with approximately the same population which are represented by as many as eight Congressmen. The census of 1910 showed a population of about 91,000,000 and the census of 1930, according to official estimates, is expected to show a population of about 123,000,000. Thus, since the 1910 census is the last upon which a congressional reapportionment has been made, there are approximately 32,000,000 persons in the United States of whom no account is taken in the matter of representation in the House. It means that the ballot of the bucolic citizen is worth, in some instances, the ballots of ten city voters. The fallacy of this inequality, particularly at a time when a certain rivalry between urban and rural districts is noted, need not be demonstrated.

If a reapportionment bill should be enacted retaining the present limit of 435 on the membership of the House, and the method of computation by the system of major fractions which has been used in most prior bills, it has been estimated by government statisticians that there will be a change of 23 seats in the House. Eleven states will gain as follows: Arizona 1, California 6, Connecticut 1, Florida 1, Michigan 4, New Jersey 2, North Carolina 1, Ohio 3, Oklahoma 1, Texas 2, and Washington 1. Seventeen states will lose as follows: Alabama 1, Indiana 2, Iowa 2, Kansas 1, Kentucky 2, Louisiana 1, Maine 1, Massachusetts 1, Mississippi 2, Missouri 3, Nebraska 1, New York 1, North Dakota 1, Pennsylvania 1, Tennessee 1, Vermont 1, Virginia 1.

It is interesting to note that the filibuster which prevented action on the reapportionment bill in the last Congress was not engineered by senators from the so-called centres of wet "nullificationist" sentiment, New York, Massachusetts, Missouri and Pennsylvania, all states which will lose under the contemplated reapportionment. The opposition which killed the bill was led by the senators from Alabama and Mississippi, assisted by colleagues from other southern commonwealths, usually most vociferous for "law enforcement." The situation is superficially paradoxical, but only superficially.

A situation which results in twenty-three misplaced seats in the House of Representatives, of course, means twenty-three misplaced votes in the electoral college, if, indeed, either the House or the College can be said to be organized in the constitutional sense when they are apportioned in defiance of the constitution. It so happens that no presidential election since the census of 1920 has been decided by twenty-three electoral votes or less, but that does not remove the fundamental question as to whether or not the Electoral College has functioned as a constitutional body since that time. Moreover, it should be recalled that the election of 1916 was determined by a margin of precisely twenty-three electoral votes and that in the famous Hayes-Tilden contest of 1876 the margin—as officially determined, at least—was exactly one electoral vote.

The constitution provides that:

> Each state shall appoint . . . a number of electors equal to the whole number of senators and representatives to which the state may be entitled in Congress.

Note that the provision is for the number of senators and representatives to which a state may be "entitled." Doubtless the framers of the constitution were innocent enough to assume that a Congress which owes its existence to the constitution would see to it that each state always had the representation to which it was entitled. But in the absence of constitutional reapportionment, the possibilities of a legal controversy growing out of a close election are such that they would seem to be impressive even to a member of the national legislature. That such a controversy has not arisen to confront the country with confusing anomalies is better luck than it deserves.

So much for the situation of the House and the bearing which that situation has upon the status of the executive and, through him, upon the judiciary. What of the Senate?

In that body, it is specified by the constitution, each

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state shall be represented by two senators and "no state, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate." After the late Senator McKinley died in December, 1926, the governor of Illinois appointed Frank L. Smith to fill Senator McKinley's unexpired term, ending March 4, 1927, Mr. Smith having already been elected to succeed Senator McKinley for the term beginning on that date. The Senate refused to admit Mr. Smith because of scandals connected with his primary campaign in 1926, and Illinois had only one vote in the Senate from the time of Senator McKinley's death in 1926 until Senator Glenn took his seat in December, 1928. In 1927 also, the Senate refused to seat Senator-elect William S. Vare of Pennsylvania and has not to this day reached a final decision as to whether or not Mr. Vare shall be seated. Since March 4, 1927, when former Senator Pepper retired—for one entire Congress and part of another so far—Pennsylvania has had only one vote in the Senate. Neither Illinois nor Pennsylvania ever consented to these infringements upon their rights to equal suffrage.

The constitution must be preserved and safeguarded at all costs, so senators and congressmen assure the world. And they mean it too; they have all taken oaths to that effect.

HOMESTEADING THE CITIZEN

By E. L. CHICANOT

WESTERN Canada is in certain respects unique on the North American continent. It is in point of development the youngest sector, just in the primary stages of the evolution through which all the others have passed. The maritime provinces and Ontario, from solid foundations of British stock, and Quebec, through more than a century of equitable British rule, are characteristically established and developing after the accepted Canadian pattern. Their courses are fairly clear ahead of them. What western Canada is to be still remains a matter of some doubt. Men of every race, class, condition and creed are being drawn to it. It is the dominion's melting-pot and no one can say with any definiteness what will come out of it.

The great national problem there has been Canadianization—the assimilation of the many European peoples into the best possible fusion. To a very large extent this process has been left to take care of itself, with a sort of desperate hoping for the best. The only guide the country had was the experience of the United States, where this lax procedure of letting the problem work itself out apparently produced fairly satisfactory results. It was reasonable to expect they would be no worse in western Canada, and things were permitted to take this course.

In the view of certain idealists, however, the process tended to rob the immigrant of anything he possessed in the way of culture or spirituality, gave him a measure of material prosperity in exchange, and turned out citizens very much after a pattern. The Catholic clergy in particular, who are so well acquainted with the undercurrents of life among the foreign groups in western Canada, have long preached to unheeding ears the destructive effect upon the character of these simple newcomers of the removal by any means of religious or other refining influences. This is perfectly reasonable, but has never been appreciated or given any adequate consideration in forming the national attitude toward immigration.

These comparatively few individuals felt that the system, or lack of system, could be improved upon. They planned to turn out new Canadians of a more even balance through permitting their retention of a measure of individuality, by fostering instead of destroying whatever culture they brought with them from their European homes. This was a considerable undertaking, since it involved a revolution of the general Canadian regard of the foreign settler as an emotionless, unimaginative worker with no finer feelings or sensibilities.

The first experiment made along this line was a New Canadian Folk-song, Folk-dance and Handicrafts Festival held at Winnipeg, western Canada's metropolis, in 1928. It was a revelation in many ways. It brought to light numerous unsuspected groups which had been organized throughout the country with the object of preserving national crafts and the lore of native lands where there seemed danger of these being lost. An enthusiastic coöperation proved how anxious were these people, still close to the homelands, to give of what they possessed to the common store. From the west's towns and hamlets and from the many farming colonies they came, to exhibit the work of their hands and to entertain with folk-songs and dances.

What has been termed Canada's Nordic complex produced a very apathetic attitude toward the festival at first. As it proceeded, however, and word circulated of the unique entertainment provided, interest became keener and attendance swelled until the end came in a burst of enthusiasm. The climax was a petition to the city and province for assistance in the establishment of a museum to house the handicrafts and native lore of western Canada's new citizens.

The enthusiasm carried far beyond the festival. Other western provinces became actively interested in what such a movement seemed likely to effect, and officially asked to have subsequent festivals staged within their confines. British people, with eyes still cast back across the ocean to homelands but recently left, were

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induced to turn from absorption in material pursuits to recollect their own national cultural heritages and demand representation in festivals. This suggested a work of yet wider scope which would bring together all the races of the Canadian West in a cultural exchange. When the next festival was planned for Regina, Saskatchewan, it was broadened out to include the representation of England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, French Canada and the native Indians—all those peoples which are playing a part in the building up of a nation in western Canada.

The second festival in the very heart of the newer, developing West, had the support of the Saskatchewan government, the Canadian Pacific Railway and public bodies of all kinds, and was attended by a really representative section of western Canada's population. It had the desired effect of completing the awakening of the territory to a consciousness of the wealth of culture and beauty possessed by its new citizens. More than twenty racial groups were represented, and each was able to produce its own characteristic handicrafts and historic songs and dances to share with other citizens of the adopted country. It was amazing to older Canadians to discover the cult of beauty, the craving for artistic expression, and the desire to surround their lives with loveliness in so many of these people they had regarded as mere hewers of wood and drawers of water.

It was enlightening in this modern age and country to find people devoting their spare time to intricate needlework, wood carving, rug making and such crafts and experiencing the utmost satisfaction in such diversion. It was a revelation to discover that homespun woolens and linens are still being made on the farms and native materials utilized in the fabrication of lovely pottery and basketware. It was refreshing to learn that these simple people still appreciate the superior beauty and dignity of the old-time songs and dances, and turn naturally to them for recreation.

At the same time the festival had the effect of stimulating the British peoples in western Canada to emulation, which resulted in the resurrecting of the old national dances of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales and in the imparting of a fresh interest to the more familiar ancient songs of these countries. It revivified the cults and folk-songs brought to the country by French Canadians from Quebec, and the varied crafts of the native Indians, both of which were in danger of passing into oblivion. There was the keenest of interest on the part of each group in the contributions of the others, and in the eagerness and pride exhibited by all nationalities in coöperating there seemed to be foreshadowed that complete and harmonious assimilation which is Canadianization in its highest and most desirable form.

Such festivals are now definitely established in the life of western Canada. The museum to preserve the crafts and lore of the various racial groups is taking shape at Winnipeg in the erection of a collection of cottages, each of a national type. Western Canada, newest of territories on the North American continent, has never completely lost itself in materialism, which is the danger in countries being hewn out of the rough. It has now reached the realization that the foundation of cultural life is in the common people, in the wealth of artistic tradition new Canadians have brought with them from their homelands. It is today keenly alive to the value of preserving this and weaving it into the fabric of the national life. With a greater number of national constituents than any country on earth, and with more varied spiritual qualities to work with, western Canada is moving before these become dimmed or are lost. There would seem to be every possibility of the development of a people possessing the advantages of expansion on the North American continent, yet living an inner life that reflects the best in the tradition of all Europe.

Carmel

When I was a little girl
Going on seven,
I thought Carmel was
The gateway to heaven.

The fields were bright,
Blue stars were flowers,
And all day long
Meadow-larks sang the hours.

The little donkeys' hooves,
So quick and neat,
Went trot-trot-trot
Down the warm, dusty street.

And oh, the beach
Was white as the moon!
Never on earth was there
Such a white dune.

The huge green sea waves
That I stood under
Reared white heads high
And fell in thunder.

But now I've come back
Years and years after,
And Carmel is gone
As a child's swift laughter.

The beach and the fields
Are fair as can be,
But all the tall magic
Has gone away for me.

I've seen skies as deep,
And the beach is just sand,
And all the fierce waves
Come licking my hand!

Farewell the high waves,
And farewell the bright shore;
I'll never see the gateway
To heaven any more.

DOROTHY BENNETT.

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PROFESSOR BARNES AND SECULARISM

By FRANCIS AUGUSTINE WALSH

Conflicts between science and religion may be old fashioned, but they are not abating. Recently pronouncements by Harry Elmer Barnes have made that point, at least, decidedly clear. In the following paper Dom Walsh, of Saint Anselm's Priory, examines some of the evidence underlying the discussion. Attention is purposely concentrated upon the chemical and biological sciences, about which there has been so very much glib talk. We endorse Dom Walsh's competence and integrity whole-heartedly, and we commend this article to the attention of our readers.—The Editors.

IN THE March number of Current History Professor Barnes has announced that "he is willing to defend secularism against all comers from the supernatural camp." The words "secularism" and "supernatural camp" are rather hazy; but I understand by this statement that Dr. Barnes is ready to defend views summed up under the title, Orthodox Belief Incompatible with Science. Now I am not a master of science in every field, and perhaps, in the modern usage of the term, I am not a scientist at all; I shall not attempt a panoramic survey of biblical criticism, astrophysics, astronomy, chemistry, history, sociology and physics. Dr. Barnes seems to be quite sure in all these departments of investigation, while the best I have been able to do is to seek light from workers in the fields of biology, physiology and psychology. The views which I express must stand or fall not by the weight of my authority, but by the weight of the sources to which I refer and the accepted canons of science.

Professor Barnes writes:

> Physiology, acting in coöperation with chemistry, has recently made penetrating researches into the whole problem of the chemical nature of life and death.

To what extent, it may be asked, do these researches penetrate? It is true that scientific research has determined to a large extent the physical and chemical conditions which are favorable to the forms of life with which we are acquainted. We have learned in recent years that certain amino acids are necessary for growth and that salt metabolism is affected by the secretions of the endocrine glands. We know that the thyroid plays an important part in metabolism; the pituitary probably regulates growth, the lack of certain undefined chemical substances results in various diseases, such as rickets, pellagra, scurvy, xeropthalmia, and the ultra-violet rays have an effect on physiological processes. These are some of the results of physiological research. But do these facts bring us any nearer to the solution of the problem of the chemical nature of life and death? To answer in the affirmative is putting it mildly, a rash assertion.

The late Dr. Jacques Loeb exercised his ingenuity in trying to establish a mechanistic conception of life. But he went beyond his data. In his final experiments on the plant *Bryophyllum calycinum* he made a number of observations which might be summed up by saying that the extent and direction of growth in the plant are determined by physical and chemical conditions in the environment. Do these observations throw any light on the internal mechanisms which produced the growth of the plant and the pattern of the leaves, well-organized as they are, orderly, elaborate, and specific for each variety or species? Have they taught us anything of the essential nature of the growth process, or its chemical character? To know the prerequisite conditions of causation does not mean that we have an understanding of the causative force itself. From the environment, the physical and chemical conditions, we may make a judgment of the future growth of a plant, its extent and direction, but these facts by no means manifest the inner mechanisms and principles of growth. We are no better off than the thousands who know how to drive an automobile but know nothing of its engine.

The processes of embryological development, by which a fertilized cell divides, subdivides and differentiates, are still a marvel. A minute mass of protoplasm develops into differentiated structures of the greatest complexity and variety of functions. The structural arrangement of a given organ, adapted to a particular function, is different from that of the other organs of the body, but with minor variations is the same in all the members of a species. Modern research has not thrown any light on the chemical nature of this life process. Not a few biologists, finding the mechanistic interpretation unsatisfactory, have been forced to postulate the existence of a vital principle, and some posit a kind of directive "nisus" in all nature to which, accepting what Alexander has called "natural piety," with Professor Morgan, they give the name of God. Dr. Hans Driesch, who has spent a lifetime, not in historical sociology but in biological research, has devoted two volumes to the development of the thesis that a study of the life processes necessitates the assumption of a vital principle. It is not my purpose to present arguments in behalf of vitalism, but only to show that the sweeping statement of Dr. Barnes has no foundation in fact. The mechanistic interpretation of life processes is a pure hypothesis; the scientist realizes the worth and the limitations of a hypothesis. Its use is as an approach to the solution of scientific problems; as a basis of philosophical speculation it has no value whatever.

Modern science has given us many details of the physico-chemical activities coördinated with mental life

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which were impossible to conceive before these investigations were made. But to imply that it was left to modern times to discover these fundamental relationships is highly objectionable. The designation physico-chemical is modern, but the philosophic concept and the recognition of this kind of intimate relationship has nothing new to offer. We are no nearer the solution of the problem; we have only mastered some details of the mechanism. Plato two thousand years ago assigned mental faculties to parts of the body, placing concupiscence in the liver, irascibility in the heart and reason in the brain. Galen in the second century associated disorders in the brain with disturbances of the mental functions that occur in mania and breathing. Thomas Aquinas assigned different mental faculties to the three vesicles of the brain. These conceptions appear fantastic perhaps in the light of modern science, but the difference is rather in the detailed knowledge than in basic conception.

What does physiology tell us about the nature of death? Dr. Crile has shown that there occur electrical variations in the body with the onset of death. But there are electrical variations in injured tissue, in the nerve with the passage of a nerve impulse, in the body when emotion is experienced. Lactic acid accumulates after death, and physico-chemical changes occur producing the condition known as rigor mortis. But do these facts tell us anything about the chemical nature of death? We may speculate and say that the difference between a living and a dead cell lies in the difference in molecular arrangement. But assuming that such a guess should be correct, the result would be simply to raise the issue: What is the force that maintains the molecular spatial arrangement in the living body? What has happened to it that it has ceased to function? The researches of chemistry and physiology have produced much valuable information about the conditions under which life processes are maintained and deranged, but they have contributed very little toward the solution of the problem of life and death. The researches have not penetrated as far as Dr. Barnes would have the reader believe.

He continues:

> Psychology, founded upon physiology, neurology and sound methods of investigation . . . has established the fundamental physico-chemical relationships between mind and body and has completely discredited the older spiritistic interpretations.

That modern psychology has contributed anything affecting seriously the problem of the fundamental physico-chemical relationships between mind and body is not borne out by facts. If such exact and scientific knowledge were in existence, it would express itself intelligibly, and not rest behind a cloak of foggy phraseology. Why herald the solution of the problem, when we are not yet able to express mental disorders in precise physico-chemical terms? Studying the literature of the dementias, the psychoses and other designations of the various forms of insanity, what answer do we find to the problem of the fundamental physico-chemical relationships of mind and body? Absolutely none. There is abundance of speculation, but few facts. A great amount of labor has been expended on the relation of the chemistry of the blood to mental disorders, but with no conclusive result. It is to be hoped that scientific research will some day establish the fundamental physico-chemical relationship between mind and body; no sound theology has anything to fear from such scientific knowledge; on the contrary, a clear-cut philosophy of human personality has much to hope. However, in the interests of fair play and in the true spirit of science, educators should not present mere suppositions to the reading public as fact and truth.

Another point on which it is necessary to get away from handbooks of psychology and physiology, and trace the literature and work done in a more thorough way, is the localization of functions in the brain. Most text-books leave the reader under the impression that this issue is settled. They tell us that there is a motor area which controls the motor activities of the body, a centre of speech, one of hearing, another for auditory images, one for visual images, and areas where the higher thought processes are elaborated. But when in an author like von Monakow we find on record many cases where the various areas were destroyed without loss of the corresponding psychic function, our too easily yielded certainty is shattered. If there is any relationship that was thought well established it is that between the brain (motor area) and locomotion or muscular activity. Some years ago the Vogts, on the basis of histological investigation, called into question the widely accepted anatomical definiteness of the cerebral areas controlling certain muscles of the body. This doubt thrown on a view for a long time accepted was confirmed by the experimental studies of Franz and Stout. Cases are on record in which the entire motor area of the human brain was destroyed and the patients were not only able to raise themselves and stand, but by a laborious dragging of the previously paralyzed leg could move forward in all directions.

Dr. Barnes is positive that "our whole set of reaction-patterns in life are the products of the conditioned responses built up through our life experiences." Evidently in reading Pawlow and Watson he has not brought to bear the critical meticulousness of the scientific mind. Because it has been shown by the valuable investigations of these men that some human and animal behavior can be accounted for on the principles of the conditioned response, does it follow that our whole set of reaction-patterns in life are the product of conditioned responses? Such an assertion is unworthy a man of science. Are the innate ideas so cavalierly rejected by Dr. Barnes the only explanation which has hitherto occupied the field?

Dr. Barnes states that

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> psychology has revealed the great importance of the unconscious in mental life and emotional response, though it has divested the unconscious of any element of mystery or mystification.

The first part of this statement is true: but how can anyone with more than a superficial knowledge of the unconscious say that it presents "no element of mystification"? The entire subject abounds in mystery. It has raised more problems than it has solved. It sounds simple enough when normal behavior reactions, states of mind, and abnormalities of behavior are explained in terms of unconscious mental mechanism. Assuming that this explanation is correct—which is open to question—are not the mechanisms themselves mystifying? If we accept the Freudian conception of dream interpretation as wish fulfilments, how can we account for the fact that they are clothed in symbolism? Whence comes the fantastic "censor" of which Freud speaks? Is it some metaphysical entity? What masks the desires of the sleeper in symbolism? Why, as in the case of pathological association described by Dr. William Healy, does the drive lose its intensity when the unconscious association has been revealed to consciousness? Apart from mere description or allegorical hypothesis, what explanation can be offered by the "tapping" of the unconscious mind in hypnotism? Anyone who has followed the experiments of Dr. Morton Prince in this field will find much that is "mystifying." The reader of popular magazines can very readily get the idea that the "unconscious mind" is a simple conception which explains the mysteries of life, but it does not appear such to the scientist or the philosopher.

Dr. Barnes tells us that

> physiological psychology finally disproves any such notion as the metaphysical soul and the continuance of psychic life after the brain has ceased to function in a chemical fashion.

Will he kindly favor us with his evidences of disproof? Has he any facts to offer? With all due reverence toward the achievements of physiological psychology, it does not give us a satisfactory explanation of the simplest forms of experience. It does not tell us, for example, how a nerve impulse produced by light striking the eye, setting up a chemical reaction and transmitted to the brain becomes the experience of redness or greenness, or whatever color it may be. Again suppose someone steps on my foot. I experience pain. If I perceive that it was done accidentally, there is no emotion; if I perceive that it was done maliciously, I become angry. The physical stimulus may be the same in both cases, but the experience which follows is quite different. For these simple experiences, physiological psychology has no ultimate explanation. How then can we say that physiological psychology has finally disproved any such notion as the "metaphysical soul," since this assertion implies that physiological psychology offers an adequate explanation not only of the simpler types of experience but of all the more complex forms? Those who wish to believe with Dr. Barnes close their eyes to facts.

Dr. Barnes asks the Catholics and the fundamentalists of the Protestant persuasion to "point to a single devout scientist whose researches dealt with problems which might directly jeopardize the standing of orthodoxy." Does he mean to imply that such "devout scientists" as find that their solutions of life problems are in harmony with orthodoxy are not intellectually honest? Is science made up of facts or based on facts, or is it a body of theories and hypotheses set out to destroy someone's conception of orthodoxy? If solid science has anything unorthodox to offer, it surely would be found in biology, comparative morphology, physiologic chemistry, psychology or pathology. The famous Johannes Müller is called the father of modern physiology. Of him, Garrison's History of Medicine says: "He was equally eminent in biology, comparative morphology, physiologic chemistry, psychology and pathology." I do not know how "devout" he was; he certainly thought of becoming a priest and adhered to the Catholic faith. His researches surely dealt with problems "which might directly jeopardize the standing of orthodoxy"—if the facts in the case were of that character. He was scientific, orthodox and honest.

That many people accept "orthodoxy" on a traditional basis, is evident. They have to. They have not the time, the opportunity and sometimes the intelligence to look further. They know certain great facts, that men live, cherish ideals and hopes, and die. Why should anyone on the thread of shaky hypotheses destroy their hope for another life where the valleys shall be filled, the hills brought low and crooked ways made straight? Professor Robinson, in his essay, The Mind in the Making, says that most of our thinking consists of producing arguments to prove that deep-rooted convictions, sometimes based on prejudice, are right. Is this form of prejudice found only on the "orthodox" side? Many of us have had the painful experience of having to liberate ourselves from convictions to which we once firmly adhered, and to seek judgment without bias. Does not the phenomenon of conversion sometimes come to persons in adult life? Is there not occasionally a dawn, in whose mature light we are able to cease groping and make an adjustment which rests on knowledge? Unquestionably there are many who have preconceived notions that the facts of life and life's experiences can be explained by pure mechanism. They cannot make an adjustment to the whole, until they have divested themselves of this bias. A recapitulation of the field of knowledge, after the painful ordeal of putting aside the vesture in which we have grown old (although we call it modern) will help toward a judgment unhampered by prejudice. We venture the suggestion that Dr. Barnes has yet to go through this experience; he is rather too apodictic about the security of his position.

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MY MULE'S MENU

By ROBERT SPARKS WALKER

HE IS almost as tall as a camel—large, bony, strong, gaunt, with heavy-set jaws and a will power that knows no such thing as submission to human reason. His name is Nathan.

He was mine only for a single day. Thirty years had stacked their proceedings between me and the last mule I had jumped astride, and curiously enough, it was on the same road that we traveled together, and with the same objective—an old farm split in two by the Chickamauga Creek.

It was the latter part of July when farm crops are laid by and the farmer boy draws a breath of freedom, and sometimes a seat at a baseball game. Besides, it was Sunday, and so my mule and I enjoyed a peaceful time together. I carried a few sandwiches and a jug of cool water for myself. Nature had strewn Nathan's lunch by the roadside and the ample rainfall had kept it fresh and crisp.

He was twenty-two years old, and I his senior by twenty-seven years. I found no difficulty in leaping on his high shoulders at the first attempt, but it was with much physical pain that I retained my lofty situation. A tall, bony mule with a prominent spine is almost equal to a thorn tree for one who has been an utter stranger to such a vehicle so long, especially if he goes forward bareback, as I did.

When I was ready to start, I clucked to him and nudged him simultaneously in the sides with both heels. He paid no attention. I repeated the ceremony but my efforts failed to set the machinery into motion. A louder cluck and a stronger kick, and I sensed something under me begin to stretch. I glanced ahead and saw the earth commencing to slip slowly beneath me. I looked to see if the entire machine was starting, and observed that the tail was actually coming with us! Then I knew for a certainty that we were really leaving. But how very slowly and cautiously Nathan moved!

I am sure that we had not gone a hundred yards together before my mule knew that I was a tenderfoot. The first healthy growth of clover by the roadside he stopped and collected. The beggar-lice he would not pass by.

We had a mile to travel and I did not care to be thus interrupted on my journey. I told him so in the plainest language that I knew, emphasizing it with a few more kicks. He was insensible to hard thumps. I called his attention to it with vehement language, but he seemed to be very deaf and chewed on. I pulled on the leather reins. It was like pitting my strength against a railway engine. When he finally came to a few growths of lespedeza that clung so closely to the ground, he went for it as if he were starving. My bridle reins were short. Perhaps no shorter than the standard reins, but Nathan's neck was illegally long. When he reached for the lespedeza, he drew me flat on my stomach. Even then my arms were far too short to hold them comfortably, and so I just let him keep them. I had nothing left but a bare backbone seat—the most uncomfortable place I have found during the last thirty years. I kicked and raved and roared, but my mule was wholly oblivious to all my actions.

My self-respect and my pride rose up indignantly. I reached for the top of a nearby persimmon tree and called on a long limb for assistance.

The leaves rubbed off, I gave Nathan a rap that belted his belly, but he ate on as if his body were paralyzed. Then I shouted to the full capacity of my voice, kicked as hard as I could, wrapped the keen persimmon limb around his body. At the last stroke he lifted his huge head, grunted serenely, and while munching the tasty lespedeza clover, encouraged me by taking one or two short steps. I again came into possession of the leather reins and my machine grunted forward.

It was a very narrow road we were on, with its vegetable frame caving in toward the centre. Only a few automobiles traveled this rustic bit of highway. I began to worry how I should manage to pass one if it perchance approached. My mule now in the middle of the road, I decided to practise up so that I should be prepared. Seeing my imaginary car rounding a curve, I jerked on the reins and pulled as hard as I could to the right. I could not move him a single inch out of his tracks. I kicked and yelled excitedly, as I imagined that I might do in order to escape an unsuspected speeder coming upon me. It took precisely six minutes to move Nathan to the right-hand side of the road to make room for my automobile to pass. And when I looked behind, I discovered I had not succeeded, because Nathan's rear portion extended in a warped position, still blocking almost half of the rustic road. I was determined to see if it were at all possible to move him out of the way. After wrestling with him for ten minutes longer I had him directly across the road, and he was so long that while his mouth was biting out the tops of tall horseweeds on the right side of the road, his stiff tail was beating the sumac bushes on the other side!

So I decided that in the event of an approaching automobile, I would jump for my life and run a safe distance away, so that if the mule and car collided he would not fall on me.

For the moment I had the public road completely blocked. The more Nathan ate, the more empty space he seemed to have to fill up. I talked and worked diligently with him until my strength was gone, and

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then I slipped to the ground which was no short distance away.

I pushed on his head toward the centre of the road and succeeded in bending his neck awry. When I turned it loose, it sprang back to its original position as a bent strip of tough rubber. I beat, I kicked, but my mule chewed solemnly on. When I looked at the plant he was devouring so greedily, I almost gasped for breath. Poison ivy! This coarse, vile plant had matted a fence post from top to bottom and the veteran vines still stuck up two feet higher.

Now here was something far more interesting than the objective of my bareback ride. I decided to stand by and witness the first animal that I could remember seeing devour a plant that is so poisonous to my own flesh that even when I walk among its vines wearing thin leather shoes, it poisons my feet. When my arms come in contact with it, the poison penetrates my shirt sleeves and raises blisters with transparent tops on my flesh. When I stand in the smoke of this hated plant while it is being burned, the fumes carry their poison as perfectly as the green leaves and stems do, and I come away with enough of it to cause me to break out.

Vegetation grew luxuriantly about the roadside, because the no-fence law had been in effect long enough to keep the browsing cattle away.

For a half hour with bated breath I watched Nathan stripping that five-foot post of every shred of ivy leaves and greenish berries. Then I gathered Johnson grass, great ragweed and red clover, all of which are favorite food plants of sane horses and mules, but Nathan refused to quit the ivy for any of them. Finally I gave up my trip and let him graze by the roadside, and while he ate most greedily, I listed the plants that he chose for food and those that he rejected.

It seems a coincidence that he chose sixteen varieties for food and rejected an equal number. These are the ones that Nathan seemed to find acceptable to his appetite that day: great ragweed, known as bullweed; young black locust; Poor Joe; broad-leaf uniola; broom sedge; trumpet creeper; common primrose; horseweed; Johnson grass; lespedeza; poison ivy; partridge pea; wild lettuce; tick trefoil and red clover. He ate the primrose, Poor Joe and wild lettuce rather sparingly. The poison ivy he seemed to enjoy best of all. The plants Nathan rejected were: Solomon's Seal; white-topped aster; goldenrod; Golden Alexander; honewort; cowbane; bristly crowfoot; water parsnip; upland boneset; white-top; joepye-weed; wild rye; Judas tree; Virginia creeper; greenbrier and blue vervain.

Any person who is familiar with plants will not marvel over Nathan's list of rejected, especially the Golden Alexander, water parsnip, honewort and cowbane. But why he sought so eagerly and ate so hungrily of poison ivy I cannot explain, unless his system was in such a condition that it required the very elements that poison ivy contains to bring his health back to the normal mule standard.

Fortunately for me no automobile appeared, and as usual my worries were in vain. For three hours Nathan continued to graze, and when we returned home, he appeared just about as hungry as he had when we started out. My complaining hips insisted that I walk and lead my mule. All along the way Nathan reached out for tasty bits of green vegetation, and twice his moist lips accidently touched and wet my bare arm.

When I released him in his own pasture, I reported to his owner the chief item of his lunch for that day with the request that he keep a close watch on the mule and learn if the poison ivy had any visible ill effects. In a few days, blisters rose up on my bare arm which Nathan had accidentally touched with his poisoned saliva, and each day for a week the report came to me that Nathan had never seemed quite so spry and that he was still in possession of his usual good appetite. So, after all, shall we learn that poison ivy, that most hated of all the common wild plants, has its uses in the scheme of natural progress?

Encounter on Main Street

I saw a traveler on our street
With aeons flaking from his feet,

Shod with the shoes of cataclysm;
His shadow was an agate's prism,

And, woodpecker's telegraph,
His cane tapped a staccato laugh.

So in my skull's parenthesis
I said: What shall I make of this?

(And, since I thought I didn't know him,
Immune, I trapped him in a poem.)

The tune he whistled seemed to speak
The wood-flute cadence of the Greek;

The hat that sheathed his golden head
Was armored ardor of the dead.

The book locked in his fingertips
Seemed bursting with apocalypse,

And like a god in deft disguise,
A dream swept sudden in his eyes

Like beauty's august fire that blows
Breaking the crimson brain of the rose.

Who out of mirth's immortal host
Was this extravagant young ghost?

Not blowsy Bacchus nor bow-legged Pan—
Nessus? Narcissus? Satyr? Man?

Then in a flash I caught his ruse,
Hearing the rustle of his shoes,

And knowing by their silver whirr:
Herbes, the heavenly messenger.

So I sang to myself: All's well for men—
A poet has found the gods again!

ERNEST HARTSOCK.

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NICOLAS LEON

By JAMES J. WALSH

THE revolution in Mexico ought not to be allowed to eclipse altogether our recognition of the death of that distinguished Mexican scholar and bibliophile, Dr. Nicolas Leon. He was entirely out of sympathy with the present régime in Mexico, though he had to keep his counsel to himself both for his personal safety and for the protection of the scholarly institutions with which he was connected.

The idea of scholarship in Mexico is so little present in the American mind north of the Rio Grande, that it is well to say at the beginning of this sketch of Dr. Leon that four years ago he issued in bibelot form the bibliography of his many and varied writings from 1874 to 1925. This comprised over three hundred items, more than twenty of them books on various subjects, the rest articles, some of them rather lengthy monographs on special topics. In the appendix to this bibliography, he listed further nearly a hundred articles which he had written but had not yet published. He gave besides, the names of over a hundred authors, some of whose works had been published through his influence and assistance, a number of them printed for the first time.

Dr. Leon was a striking type in the modern time of the scholars of Mexico's early days. He might well be compared with that distinguished historian and writer on Mexican ethnology, Fray Bernardino de Sahagun, who spent some seventy years in teaching the native Mexicans in connection with the famous college of Santa Cruz in Tlaltelolco, founded in 1536 —the oldest collegiate institution in America. When Sahagun died at the age of ninety-one, his body was followed to the tomb by almost the whole city of Mexico, and his funeral was the occasion for a great outpouring of admiration and respect for the man who had done so much for the natives of Mexico. This was not the case with Dr. Leon, however, in spite of the great prestige he enjoyed among those who have the best interests of Mexico at heart. He was persona non grata to the present administration, and while as a student he continued to devote himself to his scholarly work and avoided politics, he had shown his lack of confidence in the politicians who are ruling Mexico for the benefit of a small and exclusive group and not at all for the benefit of the entire population.

Dr. Leon was born in Michoacan, and devoted himself to the study of its history, ancient and modern. His first book was a collection of photographs with biographical notes on its distinguished men and writers. He published various articles on Michoacan antiquities and then boiled them down for the Smithsonian into Studies of the Archaeology of Michoacan. As a physician, he was also very much interested in the history of medicine and surgery in his native state, and he published a series of monographs on these subjects. The first of these was entitled Some Points in the History of Medicine in Michoacan from the Pre-Columbian Times (1886). The following year there was a corresponding monograph on The History of Surgery in Michoacan, and a third monograph on the history of obstetrics. One of his best-known monographs was Mineral Waters of Michoacan.

He wrote a series of other papers on medical subjects. A number of them are on obstetrics, his specialty; on pelvimetry and other phases of obstetrics and gynecology; on catarrh; on vesical lavage; on Indian medicine, and on various other purely medical subjects.

Gradually Dr. Leon's interest shifted away from practical to pure science. Hence his series of monographs on archaeology, anthropology, ethnology, botany. Later, as he came to know more about the many books that had been published in Mexico long before the English came to this continent, he took up bibliography as a special hobby. He was very much interested in the printing press in Mexico and his bibliography shows that, as the years went on, he wrote more and more about it. He studied, too, the native languages of Mexico, and wrote particularly with regard to the Tarascos, the Comanches and the tribes of Lower California.

As the appendix of his bibliography, Dr. Leon has given a list of the scientific societies of which he was a member and the public commissions which he was asked to undertake. There are well above a hundred of these distinctions and some of them carry a special prestige. He was the delegate for Mexico for the eighteenth session of the International Congress of Americanists held in London, January, 1912. He was the president of the National Academy of Medicine in Mexico in 1921-1922. He was granted his diploma by the government of Michoacan for his writings on his native city. He was organizer and director of the Museum of Michoacan, from which he passed to the directorship of the department of anthropology in the National Museum of Mexico City. He was given a bronze medal by the federal government of Mexico for his scientific publications in 1921, a gold medal from the Universal Columbian Exposition in Chicago, 1893 and a silver medal for his scientific works at the Universal Exposition of Paris (1900).

This wide recognition of his scholarship makes it perfectly clear that here was indeed a distinguished scholar to whom the world looked for authoritative information on subjects with which he was familiar. In his later years he was particularly interested in the printing that had been done in Mexico, and it was on this subject that I had a number of letters from him. He studied what might be called the incunabula or cradle books of printing in Mexico—those published before 1601—with the most ardent devotion. He traced the three extant copies of the earliest medical book printed on the American continent. One of these is in Spain in private hands and has been lost to sight for some time. The second is in the Public Library of Puebla, Mexico, and the third is in the New York Public Library. The book is Francisco Bravo's Opera Medicinalia, a volume of some four hundred pages which contains four medical monographs, one on Typhus Fever, the second on Venesection in Pleurisy, a third on Critical Days in Disease, and a fourth on Sarsaparilla as a Remedy. All of these monographs, as Dr. Leon pointed out, show a careful observation and a wide reading which are illuminating proof of the extraordinary interest that was being taken in scientific medicine in Mexico more than three and a half centuries ago.

It is interesting to compare with this the first medical book printed in what is now the United States. This was a little compend written by Dr. Jones, surgeon-general of the Revolutionary army, and was meant to be carried in the pocket of the surgeons of Washington's army so that there might be a certain harmony in their treatment of wounds. The date of this book was 1775, 205 years after the publication of the first medical book in Mexico which is a serious contribution to medical science.

The second medical book printed in Mexico was Father Farfan's volume for the use of the missionaries. A copy of this volume was sold not long since for about $2,000. Early printed books from Mexico have gone up very much in price

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in recent years, so that very probably if a copy of Francisco Bravo's Opera Medicinalia should come on the market, it would sell for more than $10,000. We owe the proper appreciation of it more to Dr. Leon than to anyone else.

Dr. Leon had no idea of collecting books for the sake of the advancement in price that would come, and indeed until recent years there was comparatively little interest in books printed in Mexico. Now there is a mad scramble for them, so that even later editions of the first book printed in Mexico, Bishop Zumarraga's Doctrina Breve, printed as late as 1571, have sold for more than $3,000. Dr. Leon would have been very much interested in this, not for financial reasons but because he would have been glad to know that the precious early Mexican books to which he had been so zealously calling attention had finally come into their own due mead of recognition among bibliophiles.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE AMENDMENT AMENDED

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—In a recent issue of your esteemed publication there appeared an article by Dr. John A. Ryan on prohibition entitled: Who Shall Obey the Law? While one must admit that his treatment of the question is very interesting and pregnant with constructive thought, yet upon close examination the distinguished author's course of reasoning does not seem to be quite convincing. A critical review of the article may aid in bringing about that adjustment of this important situation in which we are all genuinely and constructively interested—the making of America sober without making it dry.

Dr. Ryan writes: "What is the legal situation respecting these two enactments? Those provisions of the Volstead Act which forbid a person to manufacture, transport or possess liquor for his own use have been virtually repealed by the enforcement officers; rarely do they any longer prosecute for these offenses persons who are known to refrain from selling liquors to others. Of course these tyrannical provisions never had a shadow of validity in morals. The Volstead Act as a whole could, of course, be repealed or modified by a majority vote of Congress. Outright repeal without any substitute legislation is obviously impracticable. The only modification consistent with the Eighteenth Amendment would be an increase in the alcoholic content of beer. A beverage of that nature containing not more than 4 percent alcohol might be construed by the Supreme Court as non-intoxicating, and it would probably satisfy the thirst of many thousands of drinkers. In order to be at all suitable or desirable, wine would have to contain such a high content of alcohol that it could not honestly be interpreted as non-intoxicating by any court. Of course whisky and all other spiritous liquors have sufficient alcohol to intoxicate."

A critical analysis of the citation will disclose that the following statements are either explicitly or inferentially contained therein:

1. A line of demarkation is drawn between intoxicating liquors for home consumption and for purposes of sale;

2. Prohibition of manufacture, transport or possession of intoxicants for home use having an alcoholic content of 4 percent or less has validity in morals;

3. Prohibition of such liquors for home use but containing alcohol in excess of 4 percent has no validity in morals;

4. Prohibition of such liquors for the purpose of sale containing alcohol in excess of one-half of one percent has no validity in morals.

Ad. 1. The reason advanced for this statement is to the effect that such a measure is tyrannical; as this is the only reason alleged, it must be placed in qualifying apposition to the accompanying phrase, "that [these provisions] never had a shadow of validity in morals," and this form of expression, in accordance with all the accepted canons of moral terminology is equivalent to saying "inherently evil."

Ad. 2. There is no explanation given for drawing the line of maximum alcoholic content at 4 percent. Apparently there seems to be no internal reason assignable, as persons may be found who are susceptible of intoxication by liquors of less than 4 percent of alcoholic content, and others are found who are not affected by a larger amount with greater content. Evidently "amount" and "content" are two different realities which are persistently confused by the defenders of a peculiar kind of logic underlying the Eighteenth Amendment. The fallacy of the whole argument rests on the assumption that the ethical evaluation of intoxication is to be based exclusively on the nature of the object without taking cognizance of the human factor and the set of circumstances modifying every form of human activity. It is precisely this sort of legislation which marks prohibition as a reversion to the taboo system of primitive peoples.

Ad. 3. This statement is also proposed seemingly as axiomatic by Dr. Ryan. However, it could only be seriously considered on the assumption that liquor in excess of 4 percent of alcoholic content is inherently evil; but whatever is inherently evil, or as he puts it quite succinctly, "never had a shadow of validity in morals," does not permit of a parity of matter, as a disqualification of this kind affects the substance irrespective of degree of content, be it 4 percent or 40 percent. Now as, according to Dr. Ryan's admission, a lesser amount of alcoholic content is morally admissible, no valid reason can be adduced "ex ratione objecti" which would render a larger amount inherently evil and subject to absolute prohibition. There are other reasons of a biological, sociological and economic character which justify reasonable legal restriction but never absolute prohibition as now existing. These, however, were not under consideration in the article reviewed.

Ad. 4. This deduction which Dr. Ryan is careful in leaving to the discernment of his readers, but which he freely admitted in a rejoinder to the editor of the True Voice (May 3) is of like quality with the premise from which it is derived. Having admitted that liquor with an alcoholic content of less than 4 percent is not inherently evil, no valid reason can be offered for proscribing such liquor for the purpose of sale. It cannot be questioned that the right to barter, sell or trade anything not inherently evil on the part of any individual constitutes a natural right that is inalienable. At the same time, however, it is conceded that it is not an absolute one, but as it is by its very nature a public transaction, it becomes amenable to reasonable regulation by the civil power which assumes the obligation of protecting and not prohibiting such a right. Anti-trust laws may be enacted to hinder restraint of trade and revenue and customs taxation may be imposed for fiscal benefit.

Neither does a greater amount of alcoholic content justify absolute prohibition for the reasons stated above, although it is not to be denied that greater stringency of regulatory inhibition is eminently advisable.

The most objectionable side to Dr. Ryan's proposal consists in this, that its provisions would effectively close the only

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avenue open to a possible solution of the question by preventing the sale of liquors under government control. As to the practicability of the proposition, it may be observed that the home manufacture of a wholesome beverage requires equipment and expenditure of time which the ordinary citizen can hardly afford.

Dr. Ryan further states: "It [the Eighteenth Amendment] is practically the only provision in the constitution which is addressed to individuals, which restricts individual liberty, and it is absolutely the only one which confers police power upon the national government."

Other federal laws are likewise addressed to individuals, as the pure food law, the law of correct weights and measures, of protection to migratory birds, against counterfeiting, etc.: and there is also no doubt a respectable number of total abstainers.

The argument derived from personal liberty can hardly be advanced with any degree of consistency by Dr. Ryan as it militates with equal force against his own rule of a 4 percent maximum allowance.

The fact that the Eighteenth Amendment confers the police power of the several states upon the federal government need not be viewed with alarm. As our democratic form of government is based upon the "appeal to reason" as final arbiter, it cannot be conceived as fundamentally wrong to cede this power to the national government. Since prohibition by a majority vote has become the organic law of the land, the government as well as the states is morally bound to enforce it by "concurrent power."

Dr. Ryan says in conclusion: "What course is open to the millions of honest men and women who detest the tyranny and toryism of national prohibition? Are they utterly powerless to remove or mitigate the abomination? By no means. They can continue to denounce the anti-democratic character of the Eighteenth Amendment and the enormous evils that it has inflicted upon American society. They can continue to demand referendums on modification or repeal. If they buy liquor they can feel assured that they are violating no civil law; if they make and keep it for their own use, they need have no fear that they are transgressing any moral law."

It will hardly do to decry the Eighteenth Amendment as anti-democratic. If it be so, then the other eighteen are of the same class, and if they be such, then the constitution itself which devises this means is likewise anti-democratic. It is true that a small number of states may obstruct action, but what is now a disadvantage was previously an advantage against its hasty adoption. State referendums are to be encouraged although it is the writer's personal opinion that a straight repeal of prohibition will be prevented not so much by the tenacious obstinacy of a small minority as by the susceptibility of the great mass of American people to a sense of self-respect and national pride.

Dr. Ryan contends that the purchase of liquor does not offend against the moral law as it does not constitute a violation of a civil obligation. Could not a fine point be raised on the score of illicit coöperation which is decidedly more than a mere violation of "civic decency"?

The concession granted by the reverend author for home production (of course under the 4 percent limit) on the strength of the law's connivance will no doubt satisfy a considerable number of home-brew artists while permitting them to inflict the yeast-and-pinch-of-salt-flavor variety upon their long-suffering friends in the sacred name of hospitality.

A. WAGNER.

"EMBOTTLED INTELLECTUALS"

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editor:—Comparing the gentlemen (and I suppose the ladies, too) who are opposed to prohibition with the patriots of 1776 is old stuff. It has not the merit of originality. Almost every group opposed to any law of our country sees at once a striking resemblance between itself and the patriot band that faced the British guns.

Here in Boston the people who stand for a wide-open policy with regard to obscene literature smugly compare themselves with the anti-tyrants of the early days of the repubic; and I have no doubt that Judge Lindsey, with his companionate marriage, and Margaret Sanger, with her birth control, feel very much like the embattled farmers at Concord, and look upon the rest of us as Adams and John Hancock looked upon King George. They all do it. They all have the same cry of fighting for freedom.

The anti-prohibitionists, respectable as they are, are in the same boat in this manner as the people who are not at all respectable from the Catholic point of view. The mere saying that they are fighting for the fundamentals of freedom, even as the men of 1776 fought for them, does not carry conviction.

As a matter of fact the heroic pose is very tiresome, whether it is assumed by detestable birth-controllers or respectable anti-prohibitionists. To the average American there is no resemblance whatever between the anti-British patriots of the Revolution and the anti-prohibitionists of today. He finds a vast difference between fighting against a foreign tyranny and inciting our people, young and old, to react against a constitutional amendment, made in our own country by our own citizens, on a question debated for years, and finally carried through in a way provided for by the fundamental law of the land.

Aside altogether from the actual right or wrong, the wisdom or unwisdom, of the amendment itself, he is keen-eyed enough to see the difference between these two propositions, and keen-minded enough not to be confused by the sophistry; and to him the "embottled intellectuals" do not look a bit like "the Continentals in their ragged regimentals," however much they may appear so in their own eyes.

DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

THE STATUS OF THE HOLY FATHER

Toronto, Canada.

TO the Editor:—You say, "The Holy Father is once more a temporal sovereign." It is not easy to define exactly his status today. But one thing is plain: he has renounced all claim to that temporal sovereignty which consisted in jurisdiction over the papal states. He has now no territory in the civil or political sense, no subjects in the civil or political order, no jurisdiction in civil matters. But he has the prerogative of extra-territoriality, and as supreme visible Head of the Catholic Church has the status of a sovereign independent of temporal sovereigns in the exercise of his spiritual functions. It seems to be the ideal status for the Pope.

A CATHOLIC.

The title page and index for Volume IX of The Commonweal are now ready. These will be sent upon request. Arrangements have been made for binding Volume IX in leather or cloth. Information on binding will be given upon application to the offices of The Commonweal.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Perfect Alibi

THERE are two good reasons for writing a very much belated review of A. A. Milne's detective comedy. One is because the play is likely to continue indefinitely, so that present comment will not really be belated for many who have had to wait their turn for tickets. The other is because the play comes very near to offering some quite new approaches to detective drama and has, therefore, a deep and lasting interest.

The most obvious difference between The Perfect Alibi and the general run of mystery plays is that it has no mystery. A quite genteel murder takes place in the first act, and the audience is admitted to full knowledge of all the facts at once. The only mystery is for the characters of the play. A certain suspense is maintained during their efforts to solve the crime through the simple device of having the murderers always on hand, so that you keep wondering what they will do next, and if their situation will induce them to commit additional crimes. Nevertheless, that particular kind of suspense which is supposed to be the spinal column of detective plays is absent. You are offered instead the mental action and suspense of the people in the household, which not only form a satisfactory substitute, but illustrate very aptly a quality of good drama generally forgotten or ignored by managers in search of "action" plays.

This quality we might call suspense and action through identification. It gives the kind of suspense you experience in watching a blind man crossing a crowded street corner. You instinctively put yourself in his place and tremble for him. The very fact that you see what he does not see creates a state of mind varying from mild concern to positive hysteria. Creating this sort of suspense has been a favorite device of dramatists from the days of Greek classicism on down. Yet nine times out of ten, play-readers of today, obsessed by the notion that suspense means only maintaining the ignorance of the audience, will condemn as "obvious" any play which makes the impending course of dramatic action clear to the audience while it remains obscure to the characters themselves. This applies to judgments passed not only on detective plays, but on nearly every kind of dramatic writing. Time and again you will hear it said that so-and-so would be a good play if only the author had not killed the suspense by letting the audience know who the villain is in the first act. Opinions of this sort completely overlook the dramatic value of watching the blind—the importance, that is, of making an audience want to reach out and warn an innocent character of perils ahead. Of course there is some of this in nearly every well-constructed play, but the general trend of play reading and producing today ignores its really central value. That is one reason why The Perfect Alibi has an exemplary importance far beyond the value of the little play itself.

Another novelty of the play is the value it places on untrained intuition as against the trend of scientific detective fiction. It is a girl who actually solves the crime, and the scene in which she arrives step by step at her conclusion is a delightful (if slightly exaggerated) example of the rôle intuition can play if left to run its course freely before being checked by too many facts and too much cold logic. The Scotland Yard detective has arrived at a conclusion of suicide. The murdered man's niece is simply not satisfied. She has no justification except her "feeling" that her uncle was not the kind of man who would kill himself. All the apparent facts contradict her. If she were like nine-tenths of us, she would let logic and facts choke off her intuition. She would try to convince herself against her instincts. Instead, she reverses the usual process and refuses to accept appearances which her feelings will not justify. Before this inner conviction, facts slowly assume new aspects and permit of new interpretations. With the help of her fiancé, during a quiet midnight hour, she reëxamines the situation, regroups facts, discovers new ones, links up discrepancies in the story, breaks down the "perfect" alibi of the murderers and arrives at a plan of action which, though perilous, will force a confession before a witness. The scene is cleverly managed—rather too cleverly in fact to be fully credible—and has, in addition to its dramatic interest, the value of justifying a psychological function which too many mystery writers discredit.

In other respects, the play is a trifle weak. That is, for the purpose of playing up the girl's story, it reduces the actions of the Scotland Yard official to a degree of imbecility almost surpassing that pictured by Conan Doyle and his many descendants. There was a time during the first half of the second act when I was all prepared to have Milne turn one of his delightful whimsies by having the apparently stupid detective actually blunder his way through to the truth, thus upsetting the hoary tradition of police stupidity. But this was not to be, and in spite of the later interest in the girl's work, I felt a genuine disappointment belonging to the "lost opportunity" order.

The casting of the play is excellent, and has much to do with the general pleasure of the evening. Vivian Tobin, who is generally too sweet and simpering, brings her reed-pipe voice to an effective pitch and acts with persuasive sincerity. Leo G. Carroll as the detective and Harry Beresford as his father, the local constable, both give excellent character sketches. As a detective play unburdened by horror and sprinkled generously with comedy, The Perfect Alibi ranks deservedly among the successes of the season. Its good points are unusual and its weak ones are easily overlooked or forgiven. (At the Charles Hopkins Theatre.)

More About Talkies

THE increasing distribution of sound pictures has, so far, only confirmed the early impression that this particular medium is destined to devastate the business of entertainment before (if ever) bringing it to a higher perfection. The situation represents something more than a mere transition, for we have not grasped the significance of the talkies unless we understand that they are not a development or improvement of the old motion pictures, but a distinctly different form of entertainment in direct conflict with the older form. The silent pictures, at their best, were essentially pantomime, inviting the mental and emotional coöperation of the audience in imagining dialogue and in forming a definite ideal of the characters. The talkies limit the audience to accepting the spoken dialogue, and to accepting the concrete idea of the various characters as embodied in the voice, as well as the face and gestures, of the actors. They are as different from the

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old motion pictures as the pantomime or ballet is different from the spoken drama. They do not mean a transition, but rather an interruption. They are not an improvement but an innovation. And in this lies their momentary power to torture.

I say "torture" advisedly, as a comment on a new form as exhibited today, and not as condemning the form in its possible later developments. There is no inherent reason why the talkies should not become an acceptable and even delightful form of entertainment. It is not much over two decades since we sat through minutes of torture while a clicking machine projected jumpy and flickering images on the screen concerning the most infantile pranks and slapstick comedy. If, instead of thinking of the talkies as an improvement on the older movies, we admit candidly that they are an entirely new form, and only to be compared to the movies of twenty years ago, we shall be in a much better frame of mind to estimate the future and to be charitable about the present. But that the complete talkie of today is torture, I think no sensitive person would deny—and for several good reasons which are easily demonstrated.

The most obvious torture (aside from the mechanical sound of the reproducer) comes from the lack of any means of focusing the voice so that it appears to come from the actor's lips. It is only in the close-ups that any illusion is possible. At present a man's voice is as loud when his back is turned as when he is facing us. It is as loud when he is far off in the depths of a room as when he is in the foreground. If two men happen to have slightly similar voices, and the screen shows us a distant shot so that we cannot watch the lips, we have to guess from the nature of the words who is speaking them. Unless, and until, the talkies develop an instrument for focusing the source of sound waves behind the head of the actor speaking, or an instrument that will so modulate and relate the various voices that we get the equivalent illusion, this matter of voice confusion will be a permanent bar to real enjoyment.

A secondary torture springs from imperfect synchronization. For this there is less excuse, in this age of mechanical perfection, than for the imperfect focusing of sound. Bad synchronization is merely bad mechanics, whereas the correct focusing of sound demands the invention of some entirely new device. I am quite aware that certain processes of sound recording are vastly ahead of others in assuring a correct mechanical timing, but the fact remains that a number of films are being put on the market with such imperfect timing that the effort to follow with both eye and ear is nothing short of a serious mental strain, sufficient to destroy all illusion and all sense of entertainment. A gullible and curious public that accepts such products has only itself to blame.

A third torture may soon be eliminated—and that is the combined result of mediocre dialogue and actors who are still floundering around in trying to adapt to the new medium. Playwrights who have had little success in writing scenarios for silent pictures can probably bring some distinction to dialogue pictures, and actors can learn, given enough time, to allow for the vagaries of the recording microphones, and to use more pantomime than necessary on the spoken stage. But all these tortures, whether they can be eliminated easily or not, represent the early stages of a new form. That is the point to remember. All criticism based on the idea that talkies are a development from the older, silent form gives a false perspective. The talkies are new, distinct, and, unfortunately for the moment, painfully primitive.

BOOKS

Inventory

Our Changing Civilization, by John Herman Randall, jr. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $3.00.

ALL things flow. The old Heraclitean postulate here receives at the hands of Professor Randall its newest version and with something of that same unsatisfactory elusiveness which is bound to accompany any philosophy of becoming in contrast with one of being. Just now the change is unusually radical even though we make the proper allowance for the distorted perspective which the present naturally places before our minds. It seems that we at least are the first generation to realize just how deeply the two great forces of change in the last century, science and its product, the machine, are altering every phase of life, making as they do so many things and ways once thought indispensable now quite irrelevant, and installing new forces in every sphere with a casualness and yet a sureness that is bound to bewilder even the most alert of mind. In telling the story which he previously narrated at greater length in his Making of the Modern Mind, Dr. Randall catches not a few interesting overtones that are too often hard to hear against the enormous din which is modern life.

To get to the bottom of the present flux we must go back to the close of the thirteenth century which witnessed the break-up of the most perfect equilibrium which human society has ever achieved, a harmony which is no doubt the cause of our frequent wistful but really useless backward glances at this period. Thereafter arose the triumphant capitalistic business enterprises of the renaissance, the Reformation in religion, and the confident exactness of Newtonian physics in the science of the enlightenment to sweep the older world view into discard. The resistance through the Romantic movement of the eighteenth century to the rigidity of this first thoroughgoing scientific attitude toward all spheres of life had the salutary effect of compelling science to review many of its dogmatic findings and thus prepared the way for the truly stupendous advance of the science of today, with its far more revolutionary consequences. With this advance of science has come its product, the machine, the most important event of modern times. The break with the old agricultural past, the rise of vast, dependent city populations huddled around the machine, the complete dominance of society by the industrial magnate making political direction largely ineffective save as a business aid, show what the machine has done to us economically.

But it is upon the mind of modern man that science and the machine have wrought their most far-reaching effect. The sciences of anthropology, biology with its theory of evolution, psychology and comparative religion have taken the real meaning out of Christianity for multitudes of people. Even the spirit of such attacks presupposes the impossibility of any such thing as final religious truth. The machine has further crowded out even interest in the ways of religion and replaced it with a naturalistic faith in science. For Professor Randall the question of today is whether the Christian tradition can again display its old vitality under this latest effort at reconstruction in which the new must be absorbed and fused with the old.

Whatever the outcome, not a few have already replaced religion with an elaborate cult of nationalism. In the field of art the machine has destroyed the imagination of the craftsman with the craft. Art has become divorced from life as a vital and compelling expression of it. Witness Greek temples as houses for banking firms, and the arty town hall of Coke-

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town. Only when art forms really catch the spirit of the machine, as they are dimly beginning to do, will art be restored to its proper place in life. In moral customs the revolution is greatest and the necessary transition most difficult to make. Poverty had formerly made abstinence, resignation and self-discipline virtues of necessity. Prosperity, which Mr. Hoover predicts will soon be for all, has rendered them obsolete though we still have uneasy feelings about them and offer lip-service to them. The new psychology has radically changed our views of sex and marriage, of submission and acquiescence. The laboratory has destroyed authority. What we need is a flexible moral faith.

Dr. Randall writes in a compelling manner with his eye upon the whole human scene, relating the lesser changes to the great conflict of forces which we call our civilization. With many of his observations we can agree. With the rôle he assigns to the Catholic Church as the real enemy of science, pursuing a vigorous counter-offensive through emotional inertia, indiscriminatingly opposing the new in modern life and gathering about her all the effective forces of reaction, we cannot of course agree. Nor does the author deign to offer evidence for his position. He ascribes the present forging ahead of Catholicism to the fear or reluctance which many feel when it comes to a question of what must be a radical break with the past, and their recognition at the same time that Catholicism is the only real haven in a vast unknown and unfriendly universe. In ugly words, it is intellectual and moral cowardice that drives them thither. We are just a bit weary of this old, stereotyped charge. Perhaps, however, we ought to practise despised patience in recalling, sub specie aeternitatis, that the Church has heard the charge monotonously recurring in every age. Even Dr. Randall ventures occasionally to suggest that the prophets of the doom of Christianity may be premature, to which we may say amen.

CHARLES A. HART.

Morals and Mistakes

Morals in Review, by A. K. Rogers. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

IT IS correctly observed by Professor Rogers that man, who has to live as well as think, is interested in ethics because he is concerned with his own destiny and welfare. He wants ideals, not scientific explanations. Overemphasis on the rational in morals has brought about the absence "of any whole-hearted admission of the need for experimental initiative in conduct." The final word in morals is not "keeping within such bounds as all decorous persons can approve." Possibly general principles governing the good in life can be formulated, but the theorist forgets individual differences and lays down a general rule for all.

The history of ethics shows a conflict between authority and freedom. The author notes in modern times a very self-conscious and explicit habit of moral independence. As long as individuals are even secretly impressed by the authority of codes, all goes well. But "conscious argument and exhortation to prop up waning loyalties is singularly lacking in the impressiveness that supports a confident and unreasoning faith."

It is incorrectly stated that all in some general sense agree that "social welfare" is the standard of morality. The author finds it necessary, in the face of a very observable reaction against the "society criterion," to restate social welfare to be clearly understood as "the welfare of a great number and variety of men who have numerous interests in common, but for each of whom, nevertheless, the good takes on a personal complexion which cannot be deduced rationally from general principles, but can be discovered only on the process of living by each man for himself." It is perfectly true that all who are moral need not be conscious of the fundamental rationalized principles of morality, but it is good that there are such, in spite of the author's implications. If you deny that the basic principles of morality are intellectually justifiable then why be moral when social welfare is not evidently concerned? And even there, why regard social welfare? If morality is to have any binding power, if there is any reason for a sense of duty, there must be in morality some objective element which intelligence and reason can discover.

The chapter on The Ethics of the Church is interesting. Ethics is regarded by the Church's philosophers as a philosophical science, excluding revelation and authority. Professor Rogers includes under the ethics of the Church, a little moral, ascetical and mystical theology. Speaking of Saint Thomas's contribution, he agrees that, granting the need "for tempering ideals in the interest of a common-sense opportunism . . . Aquinas's treatment shows a mixture of moral purpose and practical realism which on the whole is excellent of its sort, and which is calculated to raise the general level of morality without making demands that are too exacting to have some chance of exerting an effective influence." The idea of opportunism seems to obsess the author in his estimate of the Church's moral teachings. It is not always a question of what is opportune, of what the Church needs in a particular situation, but what is God's will, what is God's plan, which when intellectually grasped is what Saint Thomas means by the natural law.

Furthermore, the following statements are incorrect and unreliable: ". . . Faith ceases first of all to be the inner urge and tends to become an intellectual assent to propositions, thus reimposing on the spiritual life a theological orthodoxy from which it had been one chief business of Jesus and Paul to free it"; "[The virtue of faith] rests primarily on the notion of a fence or bar within the total field of truth which the human mind finds itself unable to pass, and whose recognition is due less to any spiritual insight than to the need for rationalizing a logically difficult situation, brought about by religious formulas handed down from a less sophisticated age, and now so thoroughly bound up with the principle of authority as to be incapable of modification." The treatise, Faith and the Act of Faith, by Bainvel, will instruct the author.

Again, the acceptance of mysteries in authorized propositions prior to individual insight does not cheapen them, if it is possible for some individual insight to accept the authority as reasonable. Authority is not the most pervasive new element in the content of "ecclesiastical" (sic) ethics; if Saint Thomas did anything for philosophy, he clearly defined the boundary between faith and reason, authority and evidence. There is no conflict between sane casuistry and the ideals of Christian perfection; casuistry helps solve a case of conscience that the individual may proceed on the way of perfection which leads to God. The natural life which most men have to lead is not almost wholly negative; the Beatitudes apply in every walk of Christian living. The exaltation of virginity does not mean the implicit condemnation of marriage and does not magnify the negation of natural impulses.

And how, finally, do the offices of religion render morality tasteless in comparison with them? They should stimulate fervor and thereby dispose the agent to be more moral.

JOHN S. MIDDLETON.

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Cor ad Cor Loquitur

Newman's Apologetic, by J. D. Folghera, O.P.; English version by Philip Hereford. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. $2.00.

FATHER FOLGHERA is one of that numerous and brilliant group of French priests whose admiration for the genius of the great English Oratorian has found expression in many studies marked by insight, scholarship, and affectionate appreciation. In the present volume he devotes his introductory chapter to tracing Newman's religious evolution, and in thirty pages he presents the high lights which Newman revealed in the Apologia. He then takes up in turn the essays on Miracles, the lectures on The Difficulties of Anglicans, The Present Position of Catholics in England, the Letter to Pusey on the Blessed Virgin, and finally, the reply to Gladstone on Infallibility. He omits the Grammar of Assent and the Essay on Development because he feels that they are sufficiently well known and because they constitute Newman's general apologetic while he is concerned in the present volume only with Newman's *special* apologetic.

Of the five works which he surveys Father Folghera presents "a swift analysis, a cinematograph view, with its procession of profound and original ideas," and he compresses the contents of a thousand pages into one-fifth of that space. He is conscious of the dangers that confront him and he warns the reader to remember that Newman wrote not as a trained theologian but as "an advocate of the Catholic cause against its critics," that he had his own personal opinions "broader than those of certain other Catholic writers," and that the context is necessary to a proper understanding of the text.

The task Father Folghera attempted was extremely difficult but he accomplished it with admirable and unfailing skill. Unobtrusive himself, he has seemed not so much to present a highly important side of Newman's genius as to permit him to present it himself, with much of its brilliance and all of its tactical skill unimpaired. Such a book, though intended primarily to stimulate French readers to a wider and more intimate acquaintance with Newman, is certain to perform the same function for those who speak the master's language.

JOSEPH J. REILLY.

Hill-Country Color

Bloody Ground, by Fiswoode Tarleton. New York: The Dial Press. $2.00.

WHOEVER Fiswoode Tarleton's masters may have been (and there will be much invoking of great names—Crane, Bierce, Conrad et al., when the reviews begin to appear) they may now take a long farewell of their pupil. Masters he needs no longer, either in the art of selecting material, or of weaving that material into a short story. Mr. Tarleton's journeyman travels and travails are about over. In Bloody Ground he quite definitely arrives as a new and powerful writer whose stylistic originality is as pronounced as his choice of material; a writer who can compress into a twenty-page short story more life, death and symphonic grandeur than has hitherto been compressed into many a novel. A writer who has made a rich contribution to American literature, and given his readers a thrilling time in doing it.

Bloody Ground, subtitled A Cycle of the Southern Hills, is indeed a gory terrain of feuds and firearms. The feuds proceed, even when the feudists are too poverty-stricken to buy the firearms. They sharpen long knives which they throw

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with murderous, unerring aim. Or they stand up in quarries and pelt each other with rocks until one of the combatants is killed. They mow each other down with reaping hooks over such trifling matters as the ownership of a ragged coat. Even the little children shoot at each other with broomsticks, sniping the sheriff, the prohibition agents, or their hereditary enemies in imaginary ambushes. It is in truth a bloody business, being the chronicler of these highland primitives. And Mr. Tarleton has made it all this—and something immeasurably more.

Out of this hill country, notorious for its hog-rifle murders, its cretinism and family feuds, Mr. Tarleton selects honor, love, courage, cowardice and the other great human emotions, wraps them in the dialect and circumstantial clothing of his region, and thrusts a dozen unforgettable stories into our literature. He knows, with a deep and sympathetic knowledge, the curious minds and hearts of the gambling shufflers who fight their way back to jails because they have posted their word with the jailer; of sheriffs who walk unhesitantly into a knot of killers; of the lean women who live on the barren slopes of Pork Ridge, Leeston and Meddlesome. It is a stark, impoverished country, where railroads, telegraphs and even roads have not yet penetrated. But there is nothing impoverished about Mr. Tarleton's characters. Davey Wellcome's peer is not likely to be drawn for a long time. Sheriff Jett is the bravest man who ever existed outside of a cinema, and what is more, he possesses a three-dimensional reality that no movie sheriff ever approached. And the mulatto who was allowed the privilege of "dying white" is a tragic and intensely dramatic human being.

Fiswoode Tarleton "bears on hard." He is not a genteel litterateur, writing attentuated local-color sketches. He deals with primitive colors, the white of foaming, fear-spurred horses, the black of gunpowder, and the red of his Bloody Ground. He will throw acid in a man's eyes, and chant a ballad to celebrate the lynching of the acid-thrower, all in a page. He is a masculine, deep-probing recorder of a violent race. Suspense is one of his best holds, and he can end a story on a note of sheer brutal loveliness. Read Harvest and Blood to prove that this reviewer has been dealing in understatement ever since he started to speak of Bloody Ground.

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON.

The Kaiser's Family

The Hohenzollerns, by Herbert Eulenberg. New York: The Century Company. $4.00.

DR. EULENBERG has told an impartial and stirring story of the triumphs and vicissitudes of a once famous family now fallen from power. There is no effort to make either heroes or villains of all the Hohenzollerns. Whenever pettiness, brutality, licentiousness or cowardice appear in the race, they are as faithfully recorded as are the patience in suffering, the self-restraint and the nobility which were also shown at times by the scions of this house. Actual genius was strangely lacking. Only one ruler rose above the dynastic plane of mediocrity—Frederick II, rightly called the Great.

The author presents the history of this achieving but unhappy prince in a series of thirty dramatic episodes. The Hohenzollerns who led up to him and those who followed were, in spite of the frequent possession of more attractive personal traits, quite deficient in his transcendant gifts of statesmanship. During the more than five hundred years which the family spent in extending its sway from the bleak Mark of Brandenburg to the far-flung German empire, the cardinal

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sin of the dynasty was its indifference to the welfare of the German people. The safety, the culture and the prosperity of the nation were ever made subservient to the personal glory and the political aggrandizement of the ruling house.

It was perhaps this selfishness and essential lack of patriotism which brought about its downfall. Herr Eulenberg's portrait of William II is an excoriation. A sabre-rattling autocrat, in reality timid of soul, the last of the kaisers had no real faith in his people or in peace. The author claims that meanwhile the course of history might have been changed had Frederick William IV permitted himself to rise to imperial power on the wave of the democratic movement of '48. But "the dream of a German folk-empire, the enthusiastic dream of such men as Uhland and Arndt, and even Humboldt, faded into nothingness. The dreamed-of empire was to come—in Frederick William's sense—as the creation not of the people but of the princes, in the year 1871; for the road to unity could only be found, said the militarists and 'Realpolitiker,' the 'practical politicians,' by blood and iron; though in what sibyllic writing this piece of wisdom was inscribed none of them could say."

This book contains some variations of the usual text-book accounts of the history of Germany. That model of soldierly zeal, Frederick William I, who so brutally forced his son into the ways of war and whose only extravagance was his tall soldiers, actually pursued a policy of peace. Queen Louise, the popularly idolized consort of Frederick William III, loses some of the glamour which has surrounded her, though she still remains an appealing human figure, if no longer Prussia's patron saint. Dr. Eulenberg's references to religion, whether Catholic, Lutheran or Reformed, are usually flippant, derisive or ill-informed. The narrowness of vision and the laxity of morals which all too frequently accompany the religious zeal of princes may extenuate, though not excuse, an attitude which is a jarring note in a story of epic proportions, heroically told.

GEORGIANA PUTNAM MCENTEE.

Prophets Detached

Lonely Americans, by Rollo Walter Brown. New York: Coward-McCann, Incorporated. $3.50.

IT IS always a question to me whether a book should be reviewed purely and only on its merits as an article of merchandising or good literature, or whether the review should reflect thoughts, questions and conclusions aroused in the reviewer which may not be at all in the mind of the author.

The author here sketches eight American "apostles," each with his special devotion, each one flowing out also far beyond his special orbit into a whole universe of interests. He chooses two educators, two painters, a musician, an engineer, a publicist, a President; his theme lies in the sentence under the title of his book: "It isolates one anywhere to think beyond a certain point."

From that point of view it is almost accidental that he has chosen Whistler, Pumpelly, Eliot, Lincoln or any of the others as the subjects of his essays. He might have chosen Charlemagne, Bismarck, Hildebrand or Lobengula, unless he had a particular motive in choosing Americans of such varied activities but similar types and used them to point a moral.

The book, of course, is a very readable volume of character sketches. It seems needless to emphasize its merits in that order. Is it more important to dwell on the insistent vision evoked in the reviewer of our America as a whole? Not the America of any group or of any party, of any political philosophy or special interest; not of America old, or America

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NEXT WEEK

One of the achievements resulting from the movement inaugurated by The Commonweal is the Calvert Series, edited by Hilaire Belloc and published by the Macmillan Company. Written by men qualified to discuss a given topic, these little books form a valuable addition to apologetic literature. We are privileged to publish advance chapters from three volumes in the Series. The first will be REFLECTIONS ON ART, by Ralph Adams Cram. How faith and art intertwine is discussed with Mr. Cram's usual fervor and information. . . . The tariff is again a subject for debate. In an interesting paper, Mr. John Carter states THE CASE FOR PROTECTION. This is a memorable summary of what can be said for the customs collectors, but it is not propaganda. . . . More people than ever are traveling to Ireland this year, because of the Emancipation observance. There is one spot to which almost all will hasten. This is described by Padraic Colum in a paper on BLARNEY CASTLE, which you will enjoy. . . . Strikes in various parts of the South have attracted a good deal of attention and comment. We are happy to say that Dr. Broadus Mitchell, of Johns Hopkins University, has written an illuminating survey of the situation, entitled TAKING A STAND IN DIXIE. . . . From the present to the mediaeval past is, as everybody knows, a long way. Mr. J. R. Clemens takes us there, in a brief but informative article on a MEDIAEVAL MONASTERY. . . . Do not forget that the above menu does not include either the hors d'oeuvres or the desserts.

new, but of this new thing in an ancient world, still in its fluid and formative state?

How and when did we come to be a community in which the individual is a "lone wolf," since from our earlier days it was individuality that counted, not only for success but for survival in our titanic struggle with a new world? Until this day in which the individual stands out (or perishes in loneliness) and it is possible to write of "lonely Americans," our whole America has been built up by individuals. It was individuals, not masses, who took foothold on the Atlantic coast; it was individuals who pushed up the river valleys to the mountain ridges and down into the empire beyond, across the Mississippi to the Pacific. It was individuals who reclaimed our prairies to agriculture; who developed our form of government, over the heads of the greater number. It was an individual, the same "Lincoln the radical" of whom our author writes, who forced one of two equally respectable political philosophies to such conclusive victory that ever since it has been "disloyal" to think in terms of the defeated concept. Yet that defeated and discarded concept taken from us has blossomed to success and power in the British empire.

Not masses, nor parties, nor platforms have made America but individuals; and in elder America individuals were not "lone wolves." Individuality was an American characteristic. The American thought of himself as truly a sovereign. Today there is something suspect about that individual sovereignty. The man formed to characteristics once essentially American is today a "lonely American."

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

Ben Wain and the Black Knight

The Prince or Somebody, by Louis Golding. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THE materials of this novel are such as might have made for a psychological nerve-racker, a sentimental tragedy, or yet a saga of horror. It is none of these things because the story-teller keeps it always at arm's length. His attitude is that of the very sophisticated collector of human curios to whom the most elemental conflicts appear simply as means with which to regale an otherwise tedious hour. The situations may invite hilarity or pathos; they may give room for indignation: Mr. Golding, you can never doubt, remains undisturbed. It is a story, that is, in which sympathy is not offered, nor asked. The Prince may be in the agony of an insane fit, but our reaction is genuinely the one pretended by his wife: "Isn't it too Dostoievsky?" It diverts us, it amuses, and that is its sufficient apology.

The Tyrol as a setting and Mr. Golding as its reporter must indicate something of the embroidery of costume, architecture, mountains and flowered meadows amid which the characters play off against one another. They are brought together from the extremes of the spirit: Ben Wain, an upper middle-class Englishman with what that connotes of stoutness and of courtesy; Merryl, a woman whose questing is inevitable as that of the Norse rover who anciently prepared for her; Fyodor, a Prince, or somebody, from the steppes of Russia, or Soho.

One expects skilful writing from Mr. Golding, and gets it. Such deftness as early reveals the foulness at the bottom of the idyl, such courage as is required to describe the separate scenes of the climax after the result has been made known, does not belong to many men writing in this language.

VINCENT ENGELS.

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Briefer Mention

Joseph and His Brethren, by H. W. Freeman. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

THERE is no space in this unfortunately belated review of Mr. Freeman's widely discussed novel to mark its incidental merits in any detail, and it is perhaps no gracious substitute to say that they are numerous enough to define rather specially one's disappointment with the book as a whole. Yet it is a sound principle in criticism to judge hardly where the level is high. Joseph and His Brethren is altogether too good not to have been better. Mr. Freeman's mere picture of life on a remote English farm is as full and faithful, as relishing and free from the literary taint, as any of Hardy's. It is in the human element of his story that the parallel breaks down. Hardy testified to the depth and meaning of the human soul by granting it tragedy. Mr. Freeman, with the materials for tragedy under his hand in the epic of a family of brothers chained and subdued to a tyrannical plot of land, blandly extirpates the elements of conflict from their natures, as they themselves might extirpate weeds from a field. There is such a thing as a profound vocation for the soil, but if the illustration offered of it is the picture of four men contentedly accepting, from boyhood to age, a life without pleasures, gross or fine, without love, without children, without even the security of possession, so long as they are permitted to work their fill on one particular farm, the reader is justified in feeling that that vocation has been conceived of in over-simple terms. We do not expect any farm, however remote and English, to yield such uncomplicated specimens as that.

What Else Is There?, by Inez Specking. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. $2.00.

MISS SPECKING is an amateur at plot management and has not yet attained the power of developing her characters beyond their first promising outlines. But for all that, her study of a German-American village in Missouri strikes one as unusually promising. This is in part because she approaches her materials, in so far as she has realized them, unpretentiously and directly; much more because of the nature of those materials. The story of Lizzie Groes, the placid housewife with the will of granite, who sacrifices her children to her appetite for family circumstance, for "land und houses und money und a coupla big machines," is courageously conceived. There is no "stepping down" of the indictment. Lizzie is properly related to her environment—the community of land-fat, externally dutiful Catholics; the rigidly austere and terrifying old priest; the sombrely devout and unapproachable Sisters in the parochial school. Miss Specking may write a later, more forgiving book in which the full humanity of such types is apprehended and developed; meanwhile, it is encouraging to welcome a Catholic author who foregoes the mistaken charity of telling less than the whole truth, as she sees it.

John Wilkes Booth, by Francis Wilson. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.50.

AN APOLOGIA for the assassin of Abraham Lincoln must be something in the nature of a curiosity in the world of books. Francis Wilson has carefully built up an insanity case for the actor, who has already been dismissed by posterity with the label of fanatic. There are many interesting passages in the book, which, although well written, is stretched to disproportionate and tedious lengths.

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PeeVee, by Fred Jacobs. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THE Canadian scene furnishes the background of this book. Fred Jacobs, whose death last year was a distinct blow to those writers to our North who are united by a nationalistic consciousness, writes of Toronto much as an Englishman would write of London. His novel, which is less concerned with plot than with a light, satiric treatment of a large group of characters, dwells primarily on a renaissance in letters which is taken extremely seriously by certain Canadians. PeeVee is a dabbler in verse and in prose who is complacent enough to embark on a career which his over-enthusiastic circle is certain will be triumphant, but who is at the same time sufficiently clear-sighted to realize his own inadequacy and the humor of his friends' inflation of his none-too-unusual talents. Mr. Jacobs's characters move naturally, if sketchily, around the central figure, but had he limited their number and given a more concrete attention to their inter-relationship, the book would have gained much in compactness and integrity.

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